

# What IS Eden's Little Game?

THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

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Reduced to 2<sup>d</sup>.

## FOUND OUT!

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.



IN the golden days when I was young and beautiful I remember the niggers at the races singing this old song which I was fond of humming:—

An-gels, An-gels, An-gels without wings  
Ve-ry, VERY SIMPLE, ve-ry simple lit-tle th-in-gs,  
An-gels, An-gels, An-gels without doubt  
We are all of us an-gels . . . . .  
When we are not found out!

**BUT**—alas! and alack! *We have been found out!*—found out badly—to be arrant humbugs—and silly conceited creatures—pretending to be vastly superior to all the rest of the world!!

**FOR NO SANE ARGUMENT** can be brought forward that would be listened to outside the House of Commons to prove that the English policy or rather want of policy—denouncing “CONSCRIPTION”—and upholding “voluntary” service for the defence of the Country—is better, or more righteous than the fair, just, universal method of CONSCRIPTION—adopted throughout the rest of the world by every other nation excepting England.

**LET US EXAMINE WHAT THE RESULT OF “VOLUNTARY SERVICE” WAS IN THE GREAT WAR?**

The ghastly holocaust that mowed down all our splendid men at the beginning of the War because we were outnumbered and unprepared plainly showed

(Continued on pages 400-1)

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# OGPU TERROR IN LONDON—THE TRUTH

FROM the walled Kremlin in Moscow with its Oriental minarets and its queer-shaped copper cupolas and domes, to the respectable Edwardian frontage of No. 13, Kensington Palace Gardens, London, is a matter of about 2,000 miles.

The one is the Whitehall of Soviet Russia, the other is its Embassy in Britain, the residence of its Ambassador "accredited to the Court of St. James."

Between the two there is a line which transcends frontiers and distance. They are linked together by ancient sanctions of international law and diplomatic usage.

But with Moscow and its Embassies there is a difference. There is *another* line of which few people know. It reaches out from a grim, grey building in Moscow, No. 26, Lubyanka Street, to all the capitals of the earth. That building shelters the headquarters of the Ogpu, the most formidable secret police machine which the wit of man has ever devised.

One tentacle reaches out from Lubyanka Street to the urbane amenities of Kensington; it branches to Moorgate in the City of London, where the Soviet trading offices are situated, where No. 9 buses run and armies of black-coat workers go about their ordinary everyday round, and to other London streets, where Moscow and such fantasies as secret police and prison inquisitions seem more than 2,000 miles away.

## One Outcome

But recent events in London have shown that these fantasies are not so far away as they seem.

Four weeks ago General Vitovna Putna was Military Attaché to the Soviet Embassy in Kensington. He lived here with his devoted Russian wife and fourteen-year-old son. He was settling down in what is one of the "plum" diplomatic posts of all countries. He was popular and well known in British social and official circles.

To-day he lies in a cell of the Inner Prison of the Lubyanka in Moscow facing a trial from which there is seldom more than one outcome—death.

When the news of General Putna's arrest in Moscow broke upon the world, it was said that one of the sixteen Soviet "old guard" officials executed recently for a so-called terrorist plot against Stalin had denounced the General as a member of their group on the very morning that they stood awaiting the firing party.

But General Putna had been ordered to come to Moscow from London to "attend a military conference" *more than a week* before those executions took place. That invitation is typical of Ogpu methods.

More than a week went by after the General's departure without a word from him. The Embassy knew nothing. Then, after repeated anxious enquiries from his wife, Moscow wired asking her to come at once as her husband was "very ill." Again the touch of the Ogpu in that phrase.

Also—a queer request—they told her to pack and bring everything, the General's belongings as well as her own. She left London strangely burdened for a woman hurrying to a sick husband; she had seven trunks and large suit cases.

At Berlin the train on its way to Warsaw and the frontier was met by "officials" of the Soviet Embassy there. They told her to have all the trunks unloaded on to the platform. She had to proceed on the 1,000 mile further journey with a small handbag, which was supplied to her and contained just the bare toilet necessities for herself and her son.

After this visit from the "officials" and their action during the few minutes' wait on Berlin platform, Madame

Putna can have had few further illusions as to the real nature of her husband's "illness."

With the General in Lubyanka Prison is Sokolnikoff, ex-Ambassador to Britain. They have "got the goods" on him, too. Ozersky, head of the trading delegation and signatory to the £10,000,000 trade agreement, was suddenly recalled to Moscow. He is back again now, after an enormous Press outcry about his departure. But for how long? It is stated that he has to return to Moscow to "give evidence" in a forthcoming trial.

Perhaps that signature of his on the trade agreement with Britain was the most valuable stroke of the pen that he has ever made.

There is no need, as some newspapers have stated, for special agents of the Ogpu to come here to carry out any "purges." They are here already, have always been here, fully empowered and capable of carrying out any work required of them.

The organisation of the Ogpu in London, as in all other capitals, is based on the "parallel system" which is an integral part of the Bolshevik doctrine of government.

Behind the activities of every department of the State or trade, overseeing the work of every member, but unknown to him, there must be another "eye." It is internal espionage on a mass scale.

The Ogpu works in London through its "resident agent." Two people only know who that man is: they are the Ambassador himself and the head of the trade delegation. Almost invariably that resident agent is, officially, a minor servant of the Soviet organisation in this country—usually a clerk in the accountancy department of one of the trading offices.

## Close Watch

Under this "resident agent" are five assistants, equally unknown to the mass of Soviet employees in this country. They also are employed *officially* in minor posts.

Their work is split into five main divisions, of which three may be mentioned here. They are, first, routine espionage on Soviet employees in this country—their work and their private lives. In addition, each member of the staffs must come under "special observation" from time to time. A watch is kept on the kind of friends he makes, and on his utterances and opinions.

The second division "controls" political émigrés in this country. All fugitives from the Soviet régime are known to this division. Their anti-Soviet activities are noted, and particular watch is kept for contacts they may make with employees.

This division also handles any "disciplinary" measures which may be adopted against employees who show signs of backsliding or leaving the employ of the Soviet. There have been many such cases.

The third division looks after the financing of this underground work. It is also responsible for all "special payments" which may have to be made for anything outside the formal activities of the Soviet in this country.

In this connection may be mentioned the statements of M. Bessodovsky, Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in Paris in 1930, who escaped over the garden wall of the Legation from armed guards of the Ogpu waiting to take him back to Moscow, and who brought gendarmes back with him to rescue his wife and children.

Bessodovsky once declared that the five agents of the Ogpu in Berlin cost £10,000 a year in "special payments," and that total outgoings of the Ogpu world organisation came to nearly £5,000,000 a year.

(Continued on page iii of Cover)



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The

# SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED  
IN  
1855

*Written Only for Men and Women Who  
Love Their Country*

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## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

### HOME AFFAIRS

#### Reforming the House of Lords

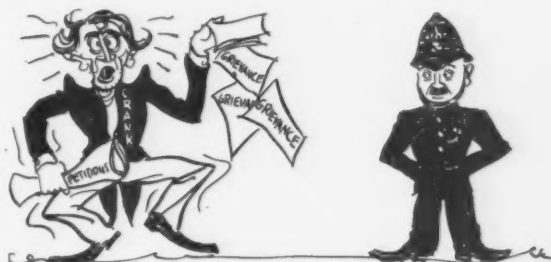
The House of Lords, as the members are not paid, is bound to be more honest at all times than the House of Commons. No peers get anything out of it by attending, and consequently no peers do attend unless they are interested in the politics of the country. Hereditary legislatures are by far better than paid legislatures for this very good reason. They are not going to bother their heads about the affairs of State unless they are interested, and they do not interfere really half as much as they should very often—but at least when they do interfere it is honest interference, and not party politics regulated by the crack of the Whips.

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#### The Lessons of the McMahon Case

By the direction of Mr. Justice Greaves-Lord the several charges against George Andrew McMahon were reduced to the simple issue of producing a pistol "with intent to alarm His Majesty." Upon that count the jury found him guilty and he was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment. The story of a foreign plot, told by McMahon in the witness-box, of which not a word had been heard in the earlier proceedings, was treated by judge and jury alike as a work of imagination. It had every mark of improbability, for the notion that any interest of a foreign Power could be furthered by the assassination of the British Monarch could only be born in a diseased mind. Judge and jury took the lenient view that McMahon never intended to harm the King, and that his purpose was to call atten-

tion to a personal grievance. His punishment is a sufficient warning that protests that take the form of throwing loaded revolvers in public places are not permissible.



One matter that came out in the course of the trial must cause some uneasiness in the public mind. Evidence was given and not challenged that the police were warned of an attempt by McMahon himself, that he was interviewed by two police officers, and that no steps were taken to keep him under observation. The severe comment that was made upon this aspect of the case was not endorsed by the judge, who observed that the police were quick enough to save a misguided man from the consequence of his own act. For the police it was said that the authorities had decided for themselves that there was nothing in McMahon's story. Events proved them wrong in that conclusion. The policemen on the scene are worthy of all praise for the promptitude with which they handled an alarming situation when it arose, but it is plain from the trial that a little more perspicacity would have saved McMahon from his own folly and avoided public alarm.

*Daily Telegraph.*

## Communism Explained by Socialists

It is only about seven weeks ago that our National Government was bolstering up the Soviet Government and helping to rivet the yoke of slavery on the Russian peoples by granting credits of £10,000,000, a transaction which, as was pointed out at the time, was virtually the same as a direct loan. Like so much of the legislation of the National Government, this operation was designed to steal the thunder of the Socialists, and it is interesting, therefore, to learn what the Socialists themselves—or at least their Right Wing—think of the Soviet Government.

This information was given by Sir Walter Citrine at the Trades Union Congress at Plymouth last Friday, and there can be no doubt that his onslaught on the Soviet Government was chiefly responsible for the motion for Communist co-operation with the Socialists being rejected. Here are some extracts from Sir Walter Citrine's speech:—

"Everybody knows that the Communists are controlled from Moscow.

"The Communist Party in Great Britain, as in every other country in Europe, is the mouthpiece of the Soviet Government. Everything that the Soviet Government decides will be repeated, parrot-like, by the British Communists.

"Every decree of an important character in Russia is signed by the Communist Party—that party is the Government of Russia. The Communist Party is the only political force in Russia, and when they speak here they are expressing the Russian Government's point of view.

"The Communists, who are seeking to stab the French Government in the back, the Communists, who seek to grab the benefits of British Labour organisation, are the instruments of the Government of Russia, from whom they draw their inspiration and their funds.

"Tell the workers the truth. Let us see where your money comes from."

*The Patriot.*

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## Defence and Awakening

Conservatives will soon be assembling for their annual conference, and the similar gathering of Labour will follow close upon its heels. One subject will dominate the thoughts of both—the defence of Great Britain in a world that echoes louder every day with menace and recrimination. The main anxiety of Conservatives must be lest the rearmament to which Ministers are committed should be pursued in too leisurely a fashion. The most disquieting reflection is that, if they were really busy, they would be needing more money than they have yet asked for. By all the tests that practical judgment can apply, we cannot yet be much safer than we were six months ago.

*The Observer.*

## GERMANY

### What Hitler Has Done

Last Sunday morning I was motoring through the East End of London on my way to the South Coast. All the streets were placarded with posters issued by a certain newspaper, bearing these words:

*Hitler says He Wants Russia!*

That was a lie. Hitler never said anything of the sort.

He was making a speech in which he referred to the vast mineral resources of Russia, and the incompetent manner in which the Bolsheviks were using those resources.

If Germany had such wealth in her own boundaries, he claimed, Germany would be rolling in prosperity. But, as Germany had no such wealth, Germany would have to content herself with substitutes.

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### What they are Doing in Russia

If I had to nail on the head all the lies they are printing in Britain about Germany, I should be kept busy for the rest of my life.



I was particularly interested in this reference to Russia. The day before I had been staying with a man who knows, probably, as much about the gold resources of the world as any man living.

He informed me that Russia was producing gold from her mines at the rate of over £1,000,000 sterling per week. And he prophesied that in time this steady accumulation of gold would make Russia one of the greatest bulwarks of Capitalism in the world.

Well, Russia has just slaughtered the men who made her revolution, and has given an exhibition of dictatorship which makes Fascism look like the mildest democracy, so perhaps he may be right.

One more reference to anti-German propaganda before we return to the German scene.

On the very page on which the *Sunday Chronicle* criticised me for my pro-Germanism, the Editor published a sensational review of that grim exposure of British prison life "Walls have Mouths."

When my eyes lit upon the paragraph about flogging in British prisons I thought: "Here is

another scare about a German concentration camp."

But no. The lash, for once in a way, was not in Hitler's hand. It was in the hand of the kindly Briton.

It didn't seem to me that there was much to choose between the two.

\* \*

### A Small Boy Who Refused Sixpence

We broke off last week in Hamburg, and we are on our way to Berlin. I wish we could go there more quickly, but there are so many vivid little incidents that occur en route that I cannot resist putting them down.

For example, as I am getting into the car a small boy runs across and demands my autograph. Not because he wants my autograph, but because he has seen by the "G.B." sign on the car that I am British.

I sign my name and address, and he thanks me so politely that I give him sixpence and tell him to go and buy some sweets.

The small boy frowns and hands the sixpence back. I don't understand. I laugh, and say: "Go and buy some chocolates."

I get into the car, start up. He stands on the running board, forces me to take the sixpence, says firmly: "Ich bin kein Bettler" (I am not a beggar).

I apologise and shake him by the hand. He grins. Salutes. Departs with a "Heil, Hitler."

I look at the coin in my hand. On it are written the words: "Gemeinnutz Gent Vor Eigennutz." Which, roughly translated, means: "General Use Goes Before Personal Use"—i.e., if you spend for the community you are doing better than if you spend for your personal enjoyment.

A small boy. A sixpence. Feeble arguments, you may say.

And, if you say it, I pity you. For you will never know what it is to be in touch with the soul of a nation.

That inscription on that coin is typical of the spirit of the new Germany. And to see that spirit in action we will now visit an "Arbeits Dienst" (labour camp).

For it was not till I visited one that I realised the beauty and the essential decency of National Socialism.

\* \*

### How I Got into a Labour Camp

These labour camps have been constantly described in the British Press as purely military institutions.

I had myself read things about them which made my hair stand on end . . . about children of eight and nine being ground into a terrible military mould.

"Very well," I thought, "I will go and see for myself."

"Hoodwinked again!" growls the anti-Nazi. "You were got hold of by the propaganda department."

Very well. This is how the propaganda department got hold of me. I was motoring down a lonely road when a dog (specially trained by the propagandists) ran across the road.

I drew up sharply, skidded, and nearly hit a lamp-post. A young man (in the secret service of course) ran across, clutching the dog, and apologised.

We got into conversation, and I learned he was in a labour camp and was going back to work on the following morning.

I asked if I could go and see the camp. He said he would be delighted.

It was then midnight. I had to be at the camp at eight the next morning. So, presumably, he rushed home, got on the telephone to Goebbels, who rushed out to the camp, and delivered a long speech to tell the boys how to behave.

Very clever, these propagandists, aren't they?

\* \*

### Young Men Stripped to the Waist

Anyway, what I saw at that camp was the most perfect example of sane socialism that the world has yet known. Imagine a group of simple wooden huts, with young men in working clothes running out of them on their way to work.

The young men are stripped to the waist, and their physique is so magnificent that you feel, for a moment, that this must be some new race . . . some super-human breed that we, in Britain, have never seen before.

In a moment we'll follow the men to work. But, first, let us enter the huts.

Their cleanliness is spotless. They are Spartan in their simplicity, but so scrubbed and polished that you'd like to live in one. Even the spades hanging on the walls are burnished till they shine like newly-rubbed silver.

Sixteen young men share this hut. The son of a rich chocolate manufacturer, the son of an unemployed plumber, the son of a judge, two or three agricultural labourers, a young actor, the two sons of an engine-driver, two coal miners, two unemployed, and three well-to-do young men who are going to be students at Heidelberg University.

\* \*

### Life as it Should be Led!

These men are comrades. True, their labour service is compulsory . . . even if your father is a millionaire you have to do this service for six months in the new Germany, and you will be paid your tuppence-halfpenny a day, like all the rest.

And woe betide you if you try to smuggle in money from outside!

But you don't *want* to smuggle in money, and you don't *want* to evade this service. You are happy on your tuppence-halfpenny a day, building



roads, draining marshes, making Germany a better land to live in.

Now, propaganda departments may be very clever, but they can't make a whole nation laugh and sing and chatter and shout and joke *all* the time.

And as I walked about among these chaps, who were digging a vast ditch across a marshy field, and singing as they dug . . . the son of the judge, the son of the engine-driver, the unemployed, the aristocrat. . . I felt that here was life as it should be lived, here was the thing which all the philosophers and economists had been trying to find for centuries.

\* \*

### Health, Happiness, on 2½d. a Day

Now I suppose that I shall be accused of unutterable things if I suggest that some such scheme for dealing with our own unemployed would regenerate Britain.

All I know is that the unemployed would at least have six months' health and happiness. And I would volunteer, at tuppence-halfpenny a day, with the greatest possible pleasure.

I like fresh air, simple food, and comradeship. And I like digging, as anybody who sees the mess I have made of my own fields will be able to testify.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS in the *Sunday Chronicle*.

\* \*

### This New Germany

Britain is not yet awake to what is going on in Germany.

One hundred and fifty years ago the French Revolution changed the destinies of Europe. Hitler is changing them to-day.

He has set Western civilisation on a new path. Nations that cling to the old ways will be left behind.

The basis of Nazi philosophy is that the individual counts for nothing, the State for everything. Mussolini adopted this principle; Hitler has developed it. And Bolshevism, absolutely antagonistic in aim, is in method closer to Fascism and Nazism than are parliamentary, democratic systems like our own.

"My message to the German workman is: *Don't think the world revolves around YOU!*" I heard Hitler thunder hoarsely to thousands of the Nazi Labour Front. "*Don't think it matters where you are or what you do! You are of no importance except as a servant of the community. Alone you are nothing. Only as an organised whole are you everything!*"

\* \*

### Leadership

This spirit of self-sacrifice to the nation prevails among the people of Britain in time of war alone. The normal attitude of most of us towards the State is critical—or, when it comes to tax-paying, hostile. We talk more of our rights than our duties. Our individual aim is personal success; the Nazi aim is national service. The motto inscribed on German coins—*Gemeinnutz vor Eigennutz* (Community before self)—is faithfully observed.

How has the German soul been changed and its human motives thus elevated? By leadership.

The personal inspiration of Hitler has done it. Its effects are formidable. Gigantic power, both military and moral, is being generated in this nation which Hitler has remade to his own design.

Nazism is more than a political doctrine. It is a State religion, and Hitler is its prophet. It has its own mysticism, liturgy, and traditions.

G. WARD PRICE in the *Daily Mail*.



Boys of the 3rd Manston Scouts voted for an air flight instead of the troop's annual birthday party. The picture shows a happy group at Ramsgate Airport, after a flight over Thanet.



# Is it Germany or Reds?

By KIM

**W**E keep on saying that democracy is on its trial, and recent movements in certain directions suggest that this truth is beginning to be recognised. For instance, the Socialist Party have come to a latent realisation of the fact that to continue to oppose the Government's rearmament plans—such as they are—is putting them in a very foolish light with numbers of their own supporters, and so they grudgingly are prepared to agree to a rearmament policy, on a strictly limited plan, subject to the proviso that the Government will continue to regard collective security as their "sheet anchor."

It is quite possible that the Government will purchase the support of the Socialists on these terms, though of course a Government with any leadership would tell the Socialist Party to go and boil themselves. It is quite possible the Government will consent to save the faces of the Socialists because it is still hankering after that absurd and illusory ideal of a collective security of nations, although great military States like Germany, Italy and Japan have repudiated it with contempt.

## BLIND TO REALITY

The great danger that invariably confronts democratic governments is that they try to blind themselves to reality. Their ears are tickling the groundlings, trying to find out how to lay their bait in order to gain their votes and so obtain or retain power. **THE MORE DEMOCRATIC A GOVERNMENT IS—THAT IS TO SAY THE MORE IT HAS TO RELY ON THE BACKING OF THE MILLION—THE MORE IT DETERIORATES INTO DISHONEST BRIBES AND CONSEQUENTLY A NEGLECT OF ESSENTIALS.**

At no time in history has a democracy withstood for long the assaults of an autocracy under whatever name it may be disguised, whether as King or President or Chancellor, or Secretary. England in her greatest days, ruled by the Plantagenets or Tudors, or their successors who put up instead an oligarchy, never built up her Empire by counting noses. The man who, more than any other in our times responsible for this feebleness, is Mr. Baldwin, whose political career records one series of failures and surrenders.

The Socialist Party have recognised the logic of rearmament from the point of view of the polling booths, and, like the jay who affixed to her tail the peacock's feathers and strutted around, hope to attract votes which otherwise they should lose. At the same time they reaffirm their complete opposition to a reform of the House of Lords, which happens to be one of the main planks in the Annual Conference of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations at Margate. Whilst no confidence can be placed in this body of delegates, they are on the right track. A great nation,

with a still greater empire, cannot be dependent upon a Single Chamber which might get in on a freak vote, and, without any effective bar, effect a revolution in our midst by legislative acts. If the Lords are to be reformed into an elective Senate, by all means let us get on with it, so long as it has the power to restrict crank legislation of the Cripps, Morrison or Bevin variety.

The only legislative curb on wild democracy is a strong second chamber, and of all nations Britain needs this. In fact, through the Commons, such should wield the real power, and be independent of all the organisations that sway votes here and there by more or less questionable methods. That the Socialists should wish to govern without any check, and the Conservatives require it reveals the enormous gulf between the two in fundamental ideas, a gulf so stupendous that it can never be bridged.

Democracy can only fight militant Nationalism with the latter's own weapons. In Germany to-day, led by Herr Hitler, a man we should do well to estimate at his true valuation, seventy million Germans stand as one, a solid phalanx, in which all are for the State like Horatius, and none for himself. In this State they make great individual sacrifices and every man is trained to arms. The same thing pertains in Italy, and both countries, from staring ruin in the face, can dictate pretty well to Europe if not to the world.

## THE HYPOCRITES

What is Britain's reply to this? The Government of Mr. Baldwin, set on getting others to form a jellified collective security pact, have spat on nationalism. They have allowed the Union Jack to be hidden away or insulted. They have never fought Socialism on patriotic lines, being averse to waving the Union Jack though they cover tables with it at party gatherings. They have been hypocritical in regard to patriotism, **AND YET WITHOUT IT DEMOCRACY MUST FALL PELL-MELL INTO THE ABYSS.**

There needs to be a rapid change in spirit if Democracy is to survive. Failures like Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (and son), Mr. Duff Cooper, Sir Thomas Inskip, and by no means least, Mr. Eden, must be swept aside. The first war of this country must be against Communism, which is getting a grip on essentials, and if suffered to exist will kill us in the end like ivy round an oak tree. A Government that tolerates Reds is unfit to hold power. If we have a Government that is truly and honestly national (and consequently bitterly anti-Communist) we can make a friendly arrangement with Germany.

**In that direction alone lies permanent peace, as Lady Houston has insisted from the first, but we must prove our national worth. Hitler has a clear aim, and so should we.**

# What is Eden's Little Game?

By C.H.

**S**AYS a resolution of the Council of the Liberal Party organisation, passed last week, "The Liberal Party must be vigilant that the policy of non-intervention (in Spain) is effectively applied." By all means let the Liberal Party be vigilant, even if the net result is about as useful as painting the Liberal Party pea-green.

But what about the Tory Party being vigilant that the policy of non-intervention in the affairs of everybody and anybody is applied to Mr. Anthony Eden? Needless to say, the one spot to which that policy could be effectively applied would be (metaphorically speaking) a kick on Anthony's well-cut trousers. **HE WILL CEASE TO MEDDLE WHEN HE CEASES TO BE FOREIGN SECRETARY AND NOT BEFORE.** That is too much to hope for, but at least let us have a little Tory vigilance to curb his transports and pump a little caution into that colluvies of mediocrities that calls itself the National Government, presumably on the ground that the interests of the British nation are the last thing it bothers its head about.

Mr. Lloyd George has returned from Germany glowing with enthusiasm for the great part played by Hitler and the Nazi régime in the regeneration of Germany. We may take it that Mr. Lloyd George, a non-conformist of the non-conformists and a radical of the radicals, did not go to Berlin predisposed to think too well of the régime that his friends and followers so heartily detest. He went, he saw, he was converted. He came away convinced that Hitler has given back to Germany her soul, her honour, her prestige and her confidence. **IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE LIBERAL HATRED OF HITLER IS INSPIRED BY THE JEALOUS KNOWLEDGE THAT LIBERALISM HAS NOT, AT ANY RATE, IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, GIVEN BRITAIN ANYTHING WORTH, AT A GENEROUS ESTIMATE, THE PRICE OF A PLATE OF FRIED FISH?**

But let us not worry about Liberal vigilance. Let us rather deplore the fact that the great Conservative Party, instead of keeping a vigilant eye on a Government that has done as much to let Britain down as Herr Hitler has done to buck Germany up, lies steeped, for all anybody can tell, in complacent slumber. If the Government were doing

nothing except keep Cabinet jobs that ought to be filled by alert and able statesmen occupied by elderly political dole-drawers, there might be some excuse for letting sleeping dogs lie. But the Government, in the person of Mr. Eden, is very busy. Mr. Eden, having recovered from the chickenpox, has resumed the chicken-like practice of running round in circles and squawking. Still Public Busybody Number One, still the patent medicine peddler of Peace, hawking his panaceas round the doorsteps of Europe, Mr. Eden has become such a public nuisance that only diplomatic politeness prevents his victims from inviting him, in less than diplomatic language, to go to Gehenna.

At the moment of writing Mr. Eden is frisking his way, via Paris, to Geneva. At the moment the League of Nations has nothing of any importance on its mind or its agenda but it is not unlikely

"That under that or this chief,  
Satan will have in view  
Some special kinds of mischief  
For idle hands to do."

But the League of Nations is peanuts compared with Mr. Eden's grandiose plan for badgering the major European Powers into a new Locarno conference. On that issue Mr. Eden is irrepressible and unsnubbable. First he sent a snooty note to Herr Hitler which the Führer completely ignored. **THAT SNUB WOULD HAVE SQUELCHED MOST FOREIGN SECRETARIES, BUT NOT OUR PACHYDERMATOUS ANTHONY.** He came again with another note—this time a polite one—urging a Locarno conference in October. Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini both sent qualified acceptances—they could hardly have done otherwise—but having waited for a polite space they wrote again and said that October did not look like being a good month. In any case, they added, it would be necessary to have certain preliminary conversations with a view to making sure that the Locarno peace talk would not be a fizzle.

Now that was nothing more nor less than a polite way of telling Anthony Eden to run away and mind his own business. For if we stop to think about it Britain is the one country whose business a new Locarno pact, as Mr. Florian Slappey would say, is none of. We had no rights under the old Locarno Pact, though we voluntarily assumed some obligations. We should have no rights

under a new Locarno Pact, and though some of the signatories, if the thing ever got as far as signatures, would no doubt be very glad to have us assume still more and larger obligations—Moscow would be simply delighted to have us pledge ourselves to surge to its defence in the wake of Red France—all realise quite clearly that the pacification of Europe does not depend upon, and cannot be furthered by, any thought, word or deed, pious exhortation or self-sacrificing pledge, that this country has it in its power to give.

Now the truth, if it must be faced, is that Germany and Russia are getting much more fun out of calling each other names and crying out "Come over here and see what you get," like a couple of urchins across a party fence, than they will ever get out of sitting round a green table exchanging fraternal assurances of simulated esteem. **Naturally, nobody but a meddlesome megalomaniac would see, under those circumstances, the slightest use in urging the two nations in question to mitigate their throes of mutual dis-esteem and start playing kiss-in-the-Locarno-ring.**

Even if Germany and Russia *were* predisposed to come to terms, would not their first act of accord be to turn round and say: "Must we do business together across Mr. Anthony Eden's well-bred but intrusive nose?" The plain truth is that there is going to be no peace in Europe—that is to say, none of Mr. Eden's world renowned brand of patent, round table peace with a motto in every cracker—while Germany stands pat against Communism (greatly to her credit) and Moscow continues to plot bloody revolution throughout the world. It is just because Herr Hitler and M. Stalin have no intention whatever of coming to terms that they permit Mr. Anthony Eden to play the international fusspot. If they intended otherwise, their first act would be to send a polite note to Great Britain saying: "Will you please tell that Mr. Eden of yours to keep his snout out of our potato patch? When we want your assistance to settle the affairs of Europe, we'll let you know. Meanwhile, run away and play with your Special Reserve. If you had a really vigorous recruiting campaign another 286 Anthony Atkinsons might rush to the rescue of King and Country."

## Watch Dogs of Liberty

By Hamadryad

*(In a report just issued the National Executive of the Socialist Party declares that as long as the House of Lords exists the aims of Socialism can never be fully realised.)*

The Socialists—you'd never credit it—  
Want to suppress the House of Lords,  
And in this new report—I've read it—it  
Says so in no uncertain words.  
Packed full of peers agog to scupper  
Their revolutionary throes,  
It is no wonder that the Upper  
Chamber offends the Labour nose.

Oh, think not some inferiority  
Complex has Labour in its grip,  
It's being in a small minority  
Gives proletarian peers the pip.  
No oratorical eclipses  
Would cause our Socialist to grouse,  
If they, with Attlees or with Crippses,  
Could pack their Lordships' noble House.

No more in hopeless fight would Ponsonby  
The steed of Pacifism flog,  
Or broaching themes that he's a dunce on, be  
Trounced by Lord Hailsham (née Hogg).  
No more, in palpitating periods,  
Would Arnold hunt the free trade hare,  
Or Comrade Snell, in face of dreary odds,  
Paw, hour by hour, the stricken air.

Alas, whate'er its constitution is,  
That House will aye be filled, they feel,  
With Tory Peers to whom ablution is  
Dearer than proletarian zeal,

While sansculottism's scanty panties,  
So far from marking Labour's sway,  
Will still appear as *rari nantes*  
*In vasto* (Virgil) *gurgile*.

No wonder, then, our Reds are hollering  
For single chamber government,  
The only hope they have of collaring  
The power on which their minds are bent.  
They hold, not lightly or in sheer rage,  
That whether based on brains or pelf,  
An Upper Chamber, plain or peerage,  
Puts Socialism on the shelf.

"A good thing too," say you, and freely I  
Agree that we should keep, with thanks,  
A posse of Peers to keep a steely eye  
On Moscow dupes and Fabian cranks.  
Long may they act as our protectors  
While crafty Reds conspire in vain  
To put themselves where the electors  
Can't promptly boot them out again.

Useful! Why, they'd be unassailable,  
These peers of ours, if they'd turn to  
And kick, with every boot available,  
The pants of Baldwin and his crew.  
We'd cry "This is a nice House, this is!"  
Would they but foil with angry frown  
A Government that never misses  
A chance to let the Empire down.



# The Menace of Bolshevism

By Father Owen Dudley



The Very Reverend Father Owen Dudley is Superior of the Catholic Missionary Society. He has spent over fifteen years lecturing throughout Great Britain, and writes novels in his spare time.

ENGLAND is beginning to awaken to Bolshevism. For that, in part, we can be grateful to the *Saturday Review* for its fearless exposure of the Red horror in Spain. The Red horror is no less than Bolshevism in action; and Bolshevism is very much more than an economic theory of social life.

It was customary, with its rise in Russia, to represent the Bolshevik as a wild-whiskered person running amok, as though Bolshevism were a wild sort of thing.

That is one thing it is not.

**BOLSHEVISM IS A STEADY, DELIBERATE, CALCULATING MOVEMENT. AS IT BEGAN UNDER LENIN IN 1917, SO IT HAS CONTINUED, AND SO IT IS TO-DAY UNDER STALIN—A COOL, CAREFULLY AND AMAZINGLY WELL ORGANISED SYSTEM, NOT MERELY FOR IMPOSING THE ENTIRE COMMUNISTIC ORDER ON THE WORLD, BUT ALSO FOR DESTROYING THE ENTIRE CHRISTIAN ORDER OF CIVILISATION.**

## RULE AND TERROR

In Spain the system is being carried out—at least in the attempt. France, apparently, is to come next.

A principle of Red rule is terrorism. Lenin, in a letter to Kursky, his Commissar for Justice, declared: "The legal trial is not intended to replace terrorism . . . but to base terrorism firmly on a fundamental principle and give it a

legal form." The atrocities in Spain are part of the system.

Terrorism is an essential weapon. The Bolshevik State was achieved in Russia by ruthless terrorism. Prisons were packed with victims kept under indescribable conditions of vermin and filth. Others were thrown into quicklime, cut to pieces, frozen under ice, crucified, buried alive. The estimate of Iljin of the numbers put to death by the Cheka (now the OGPU), during the early years of Red rule, is from 1½ to 2 millions. There were mass executions. The majority of those put to death, by their own representatives, were workmen and peasants—with the Bolshevik slogan ringing in their ears—"All power to the Soviets of Workers and Peasants!" The Bolshevik State in Russia was not only attained, but is maintained to-day, by that same ruthless terrorism.

## WEALTH AND LABOUR

The economic policy of Bolshevism is fairly well known; it rests largely on the fallacy of Karl Marx that all wealth is produced by labour—manual labour—and therefore all the products of industry should belong to Labour. On the contrary wealth is produced to-day equally by the inventors of machinery and the creators and directors of industry.

The *philosophy*, however, of Bolshevism is very little known in England. Hence our somewhat complacent indifference to the Red peril. I will outline that philosophy. My authorities are Karl Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and the Bolshevik Code of Law. Bolshevism stands for a philosophy of life which claims to embrace the whole of man's being. It is the Marxian philosophy of "Dialectical Materialism," that is, "materialism based on reason." According to it, the Social order demands for its full development an exclusively materialistic outlook—a concentration solely upon industrial and economic achievement; the extinction of all intellectual interests apart from social interests; of all religious cravings for any other life than a purely materialistic one.

The goal of Bolshevism is a self-sufficient Society of producers. **THAT GOAL IS THE END OF MAN. IT IS THE GOAL OF EVOLUTION. THE GOAL OF HISTORY. THERE IS NOTHING BEYOND IT.** And therefore religion, which says there is something beyond, is a contradiction and a denial of the Marxian end of man. Not only that, but religion,



with a goal beyond, takes the mind away from the attainment of the Self-Sufficient Society on earth.

That is why under Bolshevism religion has to go.

The Marxian slogan, "Religion is opium for the people," sets out religion as a dope rendering men oblivious to the evils of social life by fanciful promises of a heavenly life of perfect happiness; although, *de facto*, religion has done very much more for social life than irreligion.

Bolshevism, therefore, aims at the total annihilation of all religion. Hence the destruction of churches and priests in Spain. According to the original "Godless Five Year Plan" for Russia, by May 1st, 1937, no priest or church is to be allowed in that country, and the very notion of God is to be extinguished in the minds of the people. That, at least, was the programme.

at least, has not been until recently, with the appalling spread of such vices. **UNDER BOL-SHEVISM THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS MORALITY.**

### MATERIALISM

That, briefly, is Bolshevism's philosophy and creed. The creed that is to be enforced on the world. It is a perfectly consistent creed of Materialism. If I were a materialist, I should probably be a Bolshevik. I would certainly do my utmost to oust the Christian family, the Christian home and Christian marriage—upon which the whole structure of Christian and European civilisation has been built; the civilisation that Bolshevism intends to destroy. Materialism treats humanity as a herd. A herd of animals. And animals have no human rights. **THE INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY**



### STARVING RUSSIA

Peasants of the Pavlovski region of the Azov country eating their one meal a day, consisting of a small basin of black beans. They are members of the so-called Lenin Shock Troops of the Agricultural Army.

Ultimately Bolshevism is to erect the new Tower of Babel on earth, the perfect self-sufficient society in which no divine providence will be needed and no redeemer required. It is to be the self-deification of humanity. The kingdom of the great god man.

Also, under Bolshevism, since the rights of the individual must be disregarded, the family must go. The State must have full control over every member of society. Instead of the family, as formerly, being the basic unit of society, the community of workers will be. Already in Russia the family as such has been abolished, as far as the law is concerned, by the marriage Code. The State has first rights over the children, not the parents. Marriage has no binding character. Unnatural vice, like incest, is not punished; or,

### STAND FOR INDIVIDUAL, HUMAN RIGHTS.

I must confess this, though: I don't know whether, as a Bolshevik, I could ever bring myself to subscribe intelligently to the doctrine of a Self-Sufficient Society, however logically it may follow from the premises of materialism and atheism. I simply cannot conceive of human beings, outside a lunatic asylum, ever really believing in their self-sufficiency. From my knowledge of human nature, the last thing a man is satisfied with is himself. And since human beings all vary so much, they all want different things. And yet, in the Self-Sufficient Society of Bolshevistic Communism, everybody would have to be satisfied with the same thing—under a rigid code.

(Continued on the next page.)

I wonder for how long mere industrial production and achievement could fill a man's life? That self-sufficient culture is making little way in Russia amongst the masses. There is a vast, cast-iron mechanical system. There is an immense beating of the leaders' drums and those of the four million, or so, of the League of the Godless. **I BELIEVE, HOWEVER, THAT BEFORE THEIR SELF-SUFFICIENT SOCIETY IS ATTAINED, ANOTHER REVOLUTION WILL HAVE COME. AND THAT WILL BE THE REVOLUTION OF HUMAN NATURE AGAINST A HIDEOUS TYRANNY ATTEMPTING TO CREATE, BY TERRORISM AND FORCE, A CONTRADICTION OF HUMAN NATURE.**

That is precisely what Bolshevism is—a contradiction of human nature. A blinding of humanity to itself. A vast gulling of mankind with the fiction that it can find its salvation with itself. A lie against the truth of human nature.

#### THE SOUL OF MAN

Man is not a mere social animal, a mere economic being. All the production in the world, all the material things of the world, could never meet man's innate need. His *self-insufficiency* must ever remain. The soul of man reaches out inevitably, of its own nature, to something above and beyond all that this world can give. To a Final End, that is not in this world, that is not of this world, that is *not* a fiction, but a reality of both reason and revelation, corresponding with man's deepest cravings and highest aspirations.

The living soul of man can be satisfied with nothing less than the Infinity and Immensity, who is the very God Himself. And who created man for Himself.

Bolshevism is fighting against humanity, by fighting against human nature.

Also, were Bolshevism to succeed, as it intends, in overthrowing Christian marriage and the Christian family and home, you would have a world emptied of its own unique happiness. A world of free-love would degenerate into a welter of licence and degradation. Also a world without homes would be a world without privacy and without anchorage. Human life demands both. Its natural anchorage is the family and home with its three-fold relationship of father, mother and child. In the human order the only secure anchorage is to the human trinity, as in the supernatural order the only secure anchorage is to the Divine Trinity.

Were the community of workers instead of the family to become the unit of society, you would have a social order of human beings without a natural centre, which ultimately would become a social disorder rending itself asunder as a self-made, unnatural monstrosity.



**THE WORKER'S LOT.**  
A young woman operating a giant drilling machine in the Zagorsk works near Moscow. She works eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, for a wage of less than four Shillings.

I have outlined Bolshevism's philosophy and creed, I believe, accurately and fairly. It is anti-human. Its methods are inhuman because it is anti-human. It is this inhuman system that Bolshevism, on its own declaration, is determined to establish throughout the world. Russia is but its permanent arsenal and base. Its aim is to exploit, as it is now doing, European disunion. The Red menace is not a fiction, as many would like to imagine. The Third International, the organ of Bolshevism for world revolution, is working steadily and persistently in every nation, preparing, undermining, creating the revolutionary spirit.

It is working in England. Now.

England would be wise to arouse herself. And not only England, but the whole civilised world would be wise to arouse itself to what is so largely responsible for the Red menace. I refer to the injustices and evils in the social system of the day. Communism is a challenge to those injustices and evils; a warning to Europe to set its house in order. We may repudiate its doctrines and its methods, but we cannot ignore the fact that Communism is a demand for a new life—a new social life. And, if we turn a deaf ear to the labouring masses' cry for that life, we are not worthy to bear the name of Christian.

**THE ANSWER TO THE RED MENACE IS FOR EUROPE TO GIVE THAT NEW LIFE TO ITS WORKING MILLIONS.**

# ENEMIES OF ENGLAND

By Meriel Buchanan

**B**OLSHEVISM must know that the new German Army stands before the gates,"

Herr Hitler said in a speech he made at Nuremberg, and those who witnessed the parades and reviews given during the seven days of the Reichsparteitag in the old German town know that his words are no idle ones, but that indeed Germany is ready, that she is armed, and that she will not allow her newly found security and prosperity to be wrested from her by the Bolshevik monster.

Germany does not want war, but she knows that only by being prepared for war can she avert it, she knows that the enemy is always waiting, that at the first sign of weakness the Russian armies would sweep across her borders and overwhelm the people.

**If only England would awake in the same way and realise that the danger against which Germany has armed threatens her as well. The complacent, smug self-sufficiency of the English people is likely to have a rude awakening if they do not soon shake off their lethargy and take steps to defend the security and peace of their homes.**

They have surrounded themselves with comforts, they have resolutely refused to listen to the voices of those who, like Lady Houston, have warned them again and again of their danger. "Communism can never come to England," they say obstinately, and little know how those who are so cunningly preparing the ruin of England laugh at them for their complacent folly.

## WHAT NEW FOLLY?

What is Litvinoff now plotting at Geneva, for example? It is rumoured that the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs will also be at Geneva, and that important discussions are likely to take place between these two. Will Mr. Anthony Eden be present at these discussions, will Litvinoff once more coerce our gullible Foreign Minister to some new folly which will again bring discredit on the name of our country?

"My aim in life is to uphold the dignity of England," Lady Houston said in the *Saturday Review* of September 12th. "Can this be done by making a pact with Bolshevism?"

And yet the enemies of England are plotting for such a pact. They have systematically blackened the name of Herr Hitler, they have tried to convince the English working man that Germany is England's enemy, that the German army is preparing for a new war against this country. How

different the propaganda is in Germany! I have talked with people of all classes both in Nuremberg and in Berlin. Many of them, though they knew that I was not German did not know that I was English, and yet one and all they expressed their desire to be friends with England.

"Why did we have to fight England?" they ask, and then add, "Such a misfortune must never occur again." **The English language is taught in all the schools and the children learn to regard England as their friend.**

In Geneva Litvinoff will no doubt fill the ears of Mr. Anthony Eden with lies and distortions about the aims of Germany. It is to be remembered that this dangerous young man very nearly led us into a disastrous war with Italy; let us beware that he does not now involve us in a quarrel with Germany, and thus once more show himself as the catspaw of Russia.

## MOSCOW'S AIM

That is what Moscow wants. The false, perverted propaganda that has for so long been sedulously spread abroad in England, seeking to stir up bad blood between the two countries, is directed from Moscow, for the arch-criminals who rule in the Kremlin know only too well that if England, Germany and Italy joined together they would constitute so dominant a power that the forces of darkness and evil would be driven out of Europe.

Moscow is determined not to allow that unison to happen, and Litvinoff will no doubt plot some new devilry and try and drag England once more into some unworthy and degrading policy. That false idea so sedulously upheld by some of our politicians that Nazism and Fascism are more dangerous than Bolshevism is the outcome of this devilish propaganda. **THOSE WHO ACCEPT THESE VIEWS ARE PLAYING DIRECTLY INTO THE HANDS OF MOSCOW AND LABEL THEMSELVES THE TOOLS OF THE MURDERERS AND CRIMINALS WHO WANT TO PLUNGE EUROPE INTO A WORLD WAR AND DESTROY CIVILISATION.**

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# The Trouble in Palestine



A young Jew on sentry duty behind the barbed wire fortifications at Tel Aviv.

**I**F any reliable soothsayer had predicted to Richard Cœur-de-Lion that the next time English troops would be fighting Arabs in Palestine it would be for the purpose, not of rescuing the Holy Land from infidels for the sake of Christendom, but of establishing a "National Home" for Jews in that country, the King would, one may suppose, to put it mildly, have been surprised; and Peter the Hermit, if he had heard of any such prophecy, would certainly have had a fit.

But in spite of the wild improbability of such a state of affairs ever arising this, as a matter of actual fact, is what is now happening in Palestine—a small army of British troops is busy fighting the Arabs in order to enable Great Britain to carry out the terms of the egregious "Balfour Declaration" of 1917 and of the "Mandate" of the now moribund League of Nations.

Now, without attempting to take sides in this matter either pro and anti Jew or Arab, let us for a moment consider what are the fundamental facts underlying this unfortunate state of affairs.

By "FOCUS"

The Allied campaigns in the Arab countries, Arabia, Iraq, Palestine, Syria, etc., had as their principal object the defeat of our enemies, the Turks, and in this fight we enlisted the sympathies of the Arabs, and promised them independence as soon as the Turks had been driven out. And on this understanding the Arabs joined and fought for the Allied cause.

There was not, of course, during the course of these campaigns, the remotest intention of fighting these battles for the sake of the Jews. Such a fantastic idea had not, in fact, ever entered anyone's head.

## THE GOODWILL OF JEWRY

But, later on, during the course of the Great War, a time arrived when the Allies, including Great Britain, found themselves hard pressed for money, and in seeking a *modus vivendi* in these straits it unfortunately occurred to Lord Balfour (or at any rate to some member of the War Cabinet) that the financial difficulty might be overcome by obtaining the goodwill of Jewry in general, and so a bargain was struck whereby, in return for the necessary financial backing, Lord Balfour made his now famous promise to secure for the Jews a "National Home" in Palestine.

This is now no secret. Mr. Lloyd George told us all about it not long ago.

The whole transaction was a measure of expediency pure and simple, thrust upon us by *force majeure*, but the arguments and pretexts now employed to justify it either by our Government or by the Jews or by other protagonists of the policy are one and all beneath contempt.

Let us consider a few of them.

First, as to the claim of the Jews to have a National Home in Palestine at all. Without attempting a detailed historical retrospect of this area, the facts briefly are that the Jews conquered a part of Palestine and ruled over it for some 350 years till they were subjugated by the Romans before the beginning of the Christian era. After the decay of Rome, Palestine (including Jerusalem) was conquered and occupied by Arabians in the seventh century, A.D., and in Moslim hands (whether Arabian, Egyptian or Turkish) it remained for the next 1,300 years or so. Certain *ex gratia* rights of a religious nature were conceded to the Jews in connection with their Holy Places in Jerusalem, but for over 2,000 years they have had no voice whatever in the government of the country.



It is stretching historical sentiment rather far for anyone to try to establish claims, whether territorial or other, for them in Palestine to-day. The whole thing is frankly absurd, and is the more absurd that during this period Christ was born and Europe has become Christian, that to Christians Palestine has become their Holy Land, and that for several centuries Christian Europe expended its wealth and chivalry in endeavouring to reconquer it from the Moslems—not for the sake of the Jews (far from it!) but for the sake of Christendom.

Another argument is that because Arabs and Jews have generally got along quite well together there is no real reason why they should not continue to do so under the Mandate.

The answer to this, too, is quite simple. A group of quite dissimilar people may meet or live together in perfect harmony as long as they respect each other's rights and possessions. But when certain members of the group proceed to

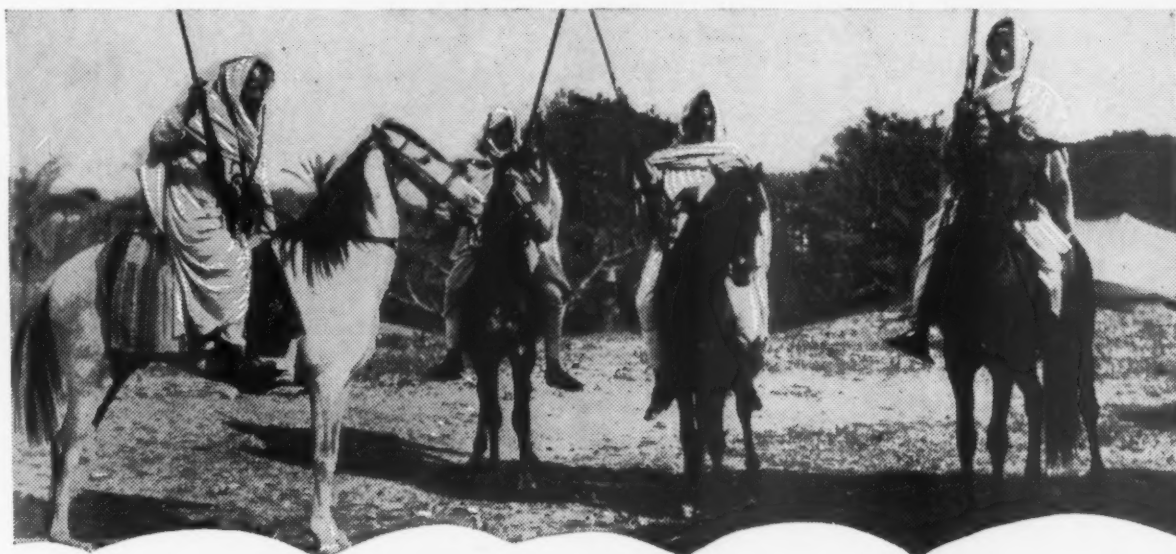
from anyone. After all, it's *my* home and has been so for hundreds of years, and I don't care who has promised it to you. I don't want you."

To continue the story. Since our acceptance of the Mandate various British Governments have done their best to carry out their thankless task as fairly and impartially as possible, but for years past it has been becoming more and more evident that the task is not only thankless but starkly impracticable.

Periodical revolts and disturbances on the part of the Arabs have led to the despatch to Palestine of one Royal Commission after another, and each Commission after exhaustive enquiries has embodied its conclusions in Blue Books of various dimensions.

### HE WAITS IN VAIN

Hitherto the unfortunate Arab has controlled himself and awaited hopefully, not so much the Reports of the Commissions as the action of the



Four Arabs of the desert, typical of those who resent the invasion of their land by the Jews.

force their way into the other people's houses, or to crowd them out of their estates, there will be trouble.

But perhaps the most disingenuous argument of all is that so frequently used by the Jews, to the effect that the British Government has made them a definite promise that they should have a National Home in Palestine, and that no such actual promise has ever been made to the inhabitants of Palestine.

### A PREPOSTEROUS CLAIM

Such a preposterous claim (even if true) would seem to be scarcely worth answering were it not that it is put forward insistently over and over again. It is one which may sound convincing to a Jew, but here again the poor Arab can only say: "It's all very well for you to say that the British Government has promised you a National Home in my country and has never made any such promise to me. But I don't want any promises

Mandatory Power on these Reports.

He has waited in vain. A study of the Blue Books in question reveals the melancholy fact that their recommendations have been either totally ignored or that the ensuing action has been so feeble as to be valueless.

Report after report emphasises in the clearest terms the vital injury which is being inflicted upon the native inhabitants of Palestine by the influx of unspecified and apparently unlimited masses of Jewish immigrants, and the urgent necessity for a strict control over and limitation of this influx, and for drastic laws to forbid the alienation of Arab lands to these foreigners.

But the Mandatory Power has failed to act upon these recommendations. The influx not only continues but increases in volume, and the position of the poor Arab cultivator is daily becoming more and more precarious.

The Arabs are getting desperate. They realise that the Mandatory Power is either afraid or

powerless to implement the advice of its own Commissioners, and have therefore taken the only action they can to try to force the issue and to save themselves from being overwhelmed, outnumbered, and to a great extent dispossessed by this avalanche of undesired Jewry.

It is useless to say to them that if and when the disturbances cease a fresh Royal Commission will be despatched. They reply that this trick has been played on them several times already, and that before they agree to call off the strikes and disturbances they want some assurance that their case will not only receive a hearing but that appropriate measures will be taken to safeguard their legitimate interests—which also, by the way, are assured of protection under the Mandate.

Our Government, however, refuses to give any such assurances, and thus an impasse has been created, disturbances continue, and fresh bodies

of British troops are being poured into Palestine.

In the circumstances the duty of the Mandatory Power is clear. In return for a cessation of the disturbances it should at once promise the Arabs two things:

First, that until the Commission has reported all further Jewish immigration will be stopped, and

Secondly, that on receipt of the report of the Commission it will at once proceed to carry the recommendations into effect.

Such a decision would be in accordance with the dictates of common sense and common justice. Without in any way infringing the terms of the Mandate or prejudicing the position of the Jews, it would immediately put a stop to the deplorable state of affairs which now exists, and it would ensure to all parties concerned an impartial and equitable settlement of a vexed and dangerous question.

## FAIR PLAY FOR AIR LINES!

By Our Air Correspondent

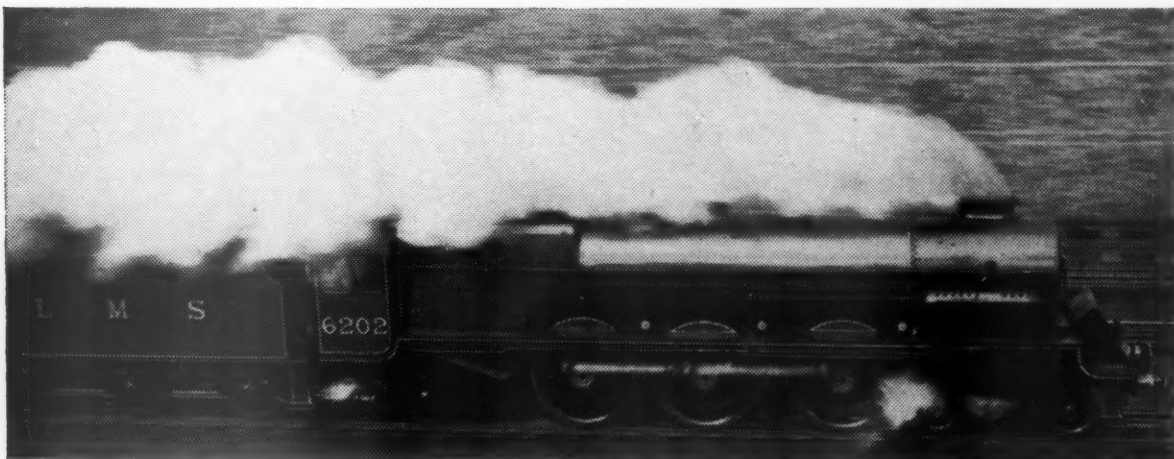
**W**HEN the railways began, some years ago, to take an interest, financial and other, in air transport, they made no secret of their intentions. They proposed to use all the means in their power to nip in the bud any air lines which might in time threaten railway dominance. They had no particular like or dislike of air transport; but they intended to fight it if it seemed liable to attract any considerable bulk of traffic which had previously been carried by the railways.

One of the first moves in this perfectly legitimate business proceeding was to get on the right side of the one air line company which might have proved too powerful for them, Imperial Airways. Imperial

Airways is Government-subsidised, and it might, the railways thought, be difficult to fight. So they brought it in as an ally. Since then we have had the spectacle of the railway companies, aided by Imperial Airways, acting in a manner calculated to make the task of smaller, unsubsidised air line companies as difficult as possible.

### WITHIN THEIR RIGHTS

Let this be clear. Both Imperial Airways and the railways were acting within their rights. Air transport is no more sacred than railway transport. It must be prepared for opposition when it



### TRANSPORT OF TO-DAY

The railways have joined forces with Imperial Airways, making things as difficult as possible for other British air transport companies.

threatens other interests. The only possible objection which can be raised is concerned with the Government side. Imperial Airways being subsidised, and being an ally of the railways, brings public money into the battle and brings it in to check rather than to encourage certain forms of air transport development.

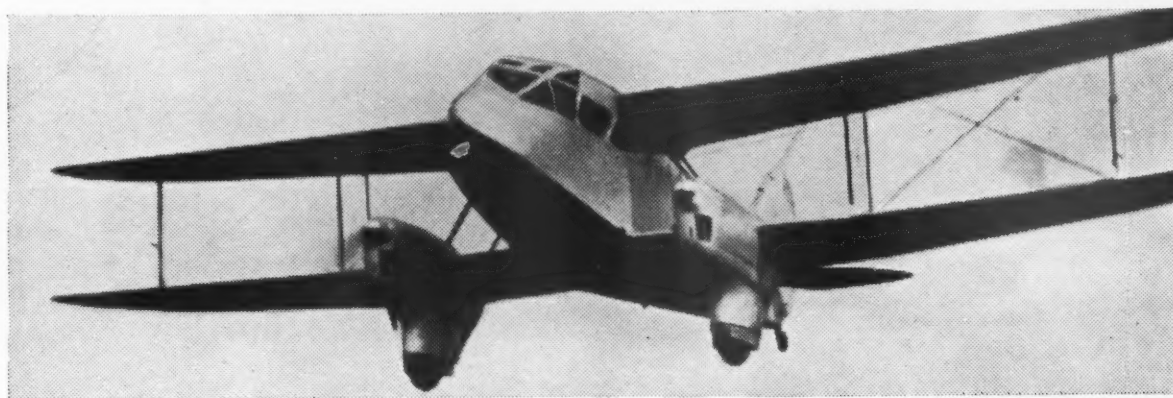
We have, therefore, the astonishing spectacle of public moneys, given for the development of air transport, being used to discourage it, or at any rate to discourage it unless it happens to be the interest of an "approved" organisation. The methods used are chiefly concerned with bookings and with competitive lines.

The booking agencies are prevented from supplying tickets for air line companies which might prove eventually to be dangerous rivals to the railways. And a railway-controlled air transport company is formed, which enjoys the benefits of Imperial Airways' accumulated experience, for

favourable to air transport or unfavourable, was contemplated. The answer was that the railways had no statement to make. I inquired if the railways thought their action in preventing the use of booking agencies by the independent air line companies was justified. The answer was that the railways had no statement to make.

#### JOINED FORCES

It therefore becomes necessary to make statements for the railway companies as they are unwilling to make one for themselves. And the statement I would make now is that, by ingenious diplomacy, they have secured indirect government support for a plan which has for its object the elimination of independent air transport companies. **THEY HAVE JOINED FORCES WITH THE GOVERNMENT SUBSIDISED AIR TRANSPORT COMPANY, TO MAKE IT AS DIFFICULT AS POSSIBLE FOR**



#### TRANSPORT OF THE FUTURE?

The time has come when the Air Ministry must ensure that air transport companies are fairly treated.

the purpose of thrusting out other independent air line companies.

Lately the booking position has been ventilated in letters to the Press. Everyone in aviation has known of it for a long time; but it appears that before anything can be done, or at any rate before anything is done, there must be a preliminary agitation. So when a letter appeared announcing the fact that the London booking agencies would not book, were, indeed, prohibited from booking, for British independent air lines but would book for foreign ones, there was a certain amount of excitement.

#### "NO STATEMENT"

The Air Ministry stepped in to mediate on the grounds, apparently, that the development of air transport was in the national interest and that it must not be subject to the ordinary hazards of business competition. But the railways proved difficult. On the day before writing this article I spoke to an official of the railway clearing house. Unfortunately he did not see fit to make any useful contribution towards the solution of the problem. In fact he "was very proud and stiff" and said that the railways "had no statement to make." I persisted and inquired whether action of any kind,

#### OTHER BRITISH AIR TRANSPORT COMPANIES WHILE SHOWING THEIR READINESS TO HELP FOREIGN AIR TRANSPORT COMPANIES.

It seems clear that the Air Ministry is fully empowered to act more forcibly than as mediator in this matter and that it is high time it did so act. Only 30 per cent. of the bookings of the biggest independent air transport company come through the agents, as compared with some 80 per cent. for the "approved" company. If aviation, as the Government has been trying to persuade the country, is really of national importance, this sort of thing must be stopped. There is no excuse for permitting the wiles and battles of business to interfere.

Nor is the action of the railway companies consistent, for they will co-operate with an independent transport company to the extent of working a station at Gatwick for them and they will accept air transport advertisements for display in their stations. In short, the time has come when this matter must be cleared up and when the Air Ministry must ensure that air transport companies, subsidised or unsubsidised, are fairly treated and have equal opportunities of attracting passengers and freight in accordance with their efficiency.





Lieutenant-General J. G. Dill, Supreme Commander of the British Forces in Palestine, being greeted at Haifa by the District Deputy Superintendent of Police.

*(Continued from Front Cover.)*

how **DISASTROUS** this abominable system is martyrizing all our dearest, all our best, and all our noblest—these were the men who loved their Country and to save their dear ones went forth to suffer and to die, but the shame and the dastardly thing about this was that they were called upon to sacrifice themselves and to die for **COWARDLY ROTTERS** who, under the lying pretence of being "**CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS**," stayed at home, took their well-paid jobs, and, in their spare time, made love to the girls they left behind them.

**AND IT IS FOR THIS THAT SOCIALISTS SCREAM AND SHRIEK AGAINST CONSCRIPTION.**

IF, after the War, instead of following Ramsay MacDonald into disarmament, the people had followed my advice they would have kept the great conquering Army that it then was when they returned home—as a **permanent Army**—being free to follow their business or profession wherever it happened to be, and acting exactly as ordinary individuals, on the understanding that wherever they were, far or near, when the bugle sounded, the splendid men who

# FOUND

By LADY HOUSTON

returned victorious from the War, again became the great invincible Army they had been. Had this understanding been come to **AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN**, and proper time given each year to training them, there never would have been all the trouble in Europe there is to-day which might have been prevented, for disaster is looming over us because England, by the wicked neglect of her so-called statesmen, has become a country of cowardly creatures crying Disarmament.

Instead of one dictator like Mussolini in Italy and Hitler in Germany, we have a triumvirate of Dictators who, instead of doing as these two great men have done, building up their country to make it invincible, have truckled to treason by taking money from the English taxpayers' pockets to help the Russian Government to carry out their nefarious carefully planned game to destroy the civilisation of the world.

**No doubt those ten million pounds given to Russia the other day came in very useful for supplying the bombs and aeroplanes used to destroy the 400 women and children inmates of the Alcazar at Toledo, and by this sort of work the Soviet Government are making themselves famous AND ENGLAND INFAMOUS.**

Instead of an Army, a Navy and an Air Force such as we have always had sufficient to secure the defences of the realm, our treacherous triumvirate of tricksters have brought us down so low that in order to send soldiers to Palestine, they had to call up the reserves and forego the manœuvres that are now due, and they have made England a byword and a mockery throughout the Nations who cock a snook at us and laugh us to scorn. This is only just a little of the "blessings" for which we have to thank the "National" Government—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and last but not least that tailor's dummy Mr. Anthony Eden, who thinks himself so



# D OUT!

HOUSTON, D.B.E.

fascinating with his screwed-up eyes and his screwed-in waist, and who has dragged us down into the mud and is stamping on us.

**HOW MUCH LONGER SHALL WE BE CALLED UPON TO ENDURE THIS SHAME?**

There would have been no Great War, if the politicians had then listened to Lord Roberts. On November 11th, 1933, I wrote:

"Lord Roberts that greatest and most dearly loved little soldier warned, implored, besought and

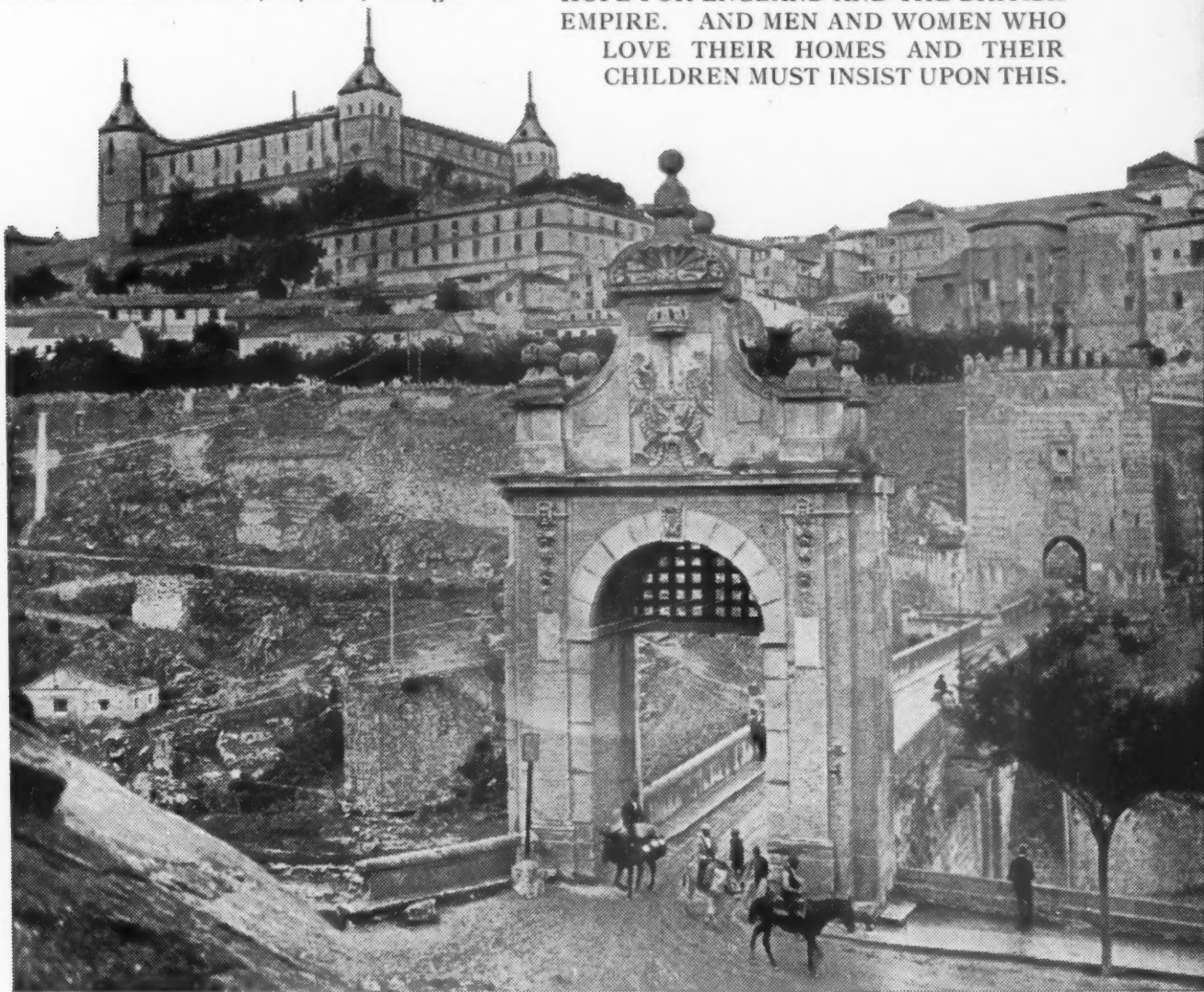
entreated the Government of the day to prepare for the War he knew was coming—but all in vain. No one would listen. No one would read the Writing on the Wall. And you children who have no fathers to love and guide you should re-

member that you were orphaned because of this."

CONSCRIPTION TO-DAY IS THE ONLY HOPE FOR ENGLAND AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE. AND MEN AND WOMEN WHO LOVE THEIR HOMES AND THEIR CHILDREN MUST INSIST UPON THIS.



**LORD ROBERTS.**  
England's Greatest Little Soldier.



**FAMOUS FORTRESS DESTROYED**

A picture, taken just before the outbreak of the Spanish Revolution, of the Alcazar at Toledo, which was practically destroyed by mines. The insurgent garrison of about 1,800 including 400 women and children, had withstood a nine weeks' siege.

# Signs and Portents

By Robert Machray

WITH the close of the holiday season an objective review of the extraordinarily grave way in which the international situation developed during even that short period will be timely—and something more, as the actual position calls immediately and insistently for the most serious consideration. Unfortunately, it cannot be truthfully asserted that there is now a greater assurance of peace with security than there was earlier in the year. All the signs and portents of the day point unmistakably in the opposite direction, and those among us who are prophesying smooth things are doing the worst sort of service to the nation.

It may be recalled that, despite the defeat of the League and the Mediterranean fiasco, a spirit of optimism prevailed in Government circles in July, and found expression in the hack Press, regarding the general situation, because some progress was made in the negotiations for a "Locarno" Conference of the Five Powers, Germany having indicated that it might be held in October. One paper suggested that as the atmosphere had become so calm and serene, there was no need to press on with the Government's rearmament programme. A horribly ironic commentary on this statement was the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War on July 18, with its threat of serious and far-reaching complications.

## Man-Power

France and Soviet Russia appeared likely to be arrayed against Germany and Italy; all the Chancelleries of Europe were thrown into confusion. It may have been a direct effect of the war in Spain, but on August 11 the Soviet announced that it had reduced the age for its Army from 21 to 19, the result being an enormous increase of its military strength. On August 24 Germany followed suit by doubling the length of the period of service in her Army, thus making it proportionately stronger. As if to cap these occurrences, Mussolini rejoined with the statement that Italy could put eight million men on a single frontier at practically a day's notice.

Towards the end of that fateful holiday month of August, General Rydz-Smigly, Chief of the Polish Army and Pilsudski's recognised successor, visited Paris as the guest of the French Government. The object was the renewing of the Polish alliance with France and obtaining credits sufficient to provide for the complete bringing up-to-date of the whole of Poland's armed forces, as well as the replenishing of the Polish Treasury. In the course of a week matters were arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and the General returned to Warsaw. All this means a prodigious strengthening of Poland's military capacity.

Just before Rydz-Smigly quitted France the French Government replied to the German move

by deciding to spend about £120,000,000 on the further improvement and consolidation of the national defence. This brings us to the close of the first week of this month—September, with the Nazi Congress in Nuremberg in immediate view. The salient features of that congress disclosed themselves as, first, an intense opposition to Bolshevism and the Soviet, and, second, a four-year plan for giving economic self-sufficiency to Germany—in reality, another war measure, adding to the effectiveness of that of August 24.

More remains to be told. On September 12-14 the Little Entente held a conference at Bratislava, the principal outcome of which was an economic, but much more, a military agreement between Yugoslavia and Rumania, as it turns on a plan for exploiting the natural wealth of those States in the interest of the military efficiency of both in combination. Following the example of Czechoslovakia, the third member of the Entente, and helped by credits from her, the Rumanians and the Yugoslavs are arming as fast and hard as they can, though all three still cling to the League of Nations—and an unreformed League at that!

## Poland's Measures

On September 14, Poland added the last splash of high colour to the picture, outlined above, of the gigantic rearmament of the Continent, when she decreed that her young population between 14, the school-leaving age, and 21, the age for entering the Army, is to undergo military training, without, however, to the neglect of education and proper vocational work, in Labour camps—some of which already were in existence. In effect, preparation for the Polish Army will in future start at the age of 14 in those camps, whose extension will also greatly assist in the struggle against unemployment in Poland.

Geneva presents a pitiful caricature of the real situation. Few of the members can have had any confidence left in the League; all of its members are well acquainted with the exact position it now occupies in the eyes of the world. Though proposals for its reform continue to be discussed and member-States have sent in definite plans to the Secretariat, there is no air of reality about any of them.

To what extent our wretched Government still really holds by Geneva it is difficult to say; while appearing to encourage the idea of the reform of the League, it now seems to be building much more on some general settlement of which the proposed "Locarno" Conference is to be the forerunner. But even the date of that conference is in doubt and its prospects are in any case none of the best. England has but one thing to do, and that is resolutely and with all her power to face up to the situation on the Continent and rearm, rearm, rearm!

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# Death in the Morning

By Dan Russell

**T**HE thirty acre field had been put down to corn. The harvest was now burgeoning and the golden ears stood swaying in the breeze. Very thick and dense was this cornfield, affording safe harbourage to many wild creatures. Most numerous were of course the rabbits, but the mice ran them a close second. Hares too, squatted in their forms between the stems, and corncrakes filled the air with their monotonous creaking cry.

But these small fry were not the only dwellers in the corn. A month before a vixen had led her litter of six into the standing grain and here they had made their home. Food there was in plenty, for the ever hungry cubs. There was safety, too, at any rate for the time being. They made their kennel in the midst of the corn stems and there they lay low. The hot summer days went by and the cubs grew. They learned their trade of plunder and piracy and were quite able to look after themselves. Not content with the teeming life of the field, they often visited the farmer's hen roost. The fox is an outlaw and a thief who kills for the pleasure of killing. Were it not that he is a beast of the chase he would soon be extinct. Graceful and beautiful though he is, he is also a villain of the deepest dye.

The vixen and her cubs were very snug and secure in that field of corn until one morning they were startled by a strange sound, a rattling swishing sound which went round and round the field. Nearer and nearer came the sound and soon the foxes were aware that the corn around them was being cut and that only a little island of standing grain was left. The vixen did not hesitate. She mewed to her cubs and then cantered forth across the open field with her cubs behind her. The men saw the gallant little company and the air was rent by a shrill view holloa. At that dread sound the vixen quickened her speed, for she had already made the acquaintance of hounds.

## *The New Home*

She took her cubs to a small covert some four hundred yards away where there was an earth. This covert, though small, was thick with brambles and the earth was deep and secure. Here, then, our foxes took up their abode and began again their piratical life. Little did they know that the reckoning was soon to come.

Early one morning at the end of August, they returned from one of their forays to find the earth blocked. During their absence someone had stopped it with faggots and stones. Undismayed, they crept into the shelter of the brambles and curled themselves to rest.

Suddenly, just after daylight, they started up in alarm. A strange sound had disturbed them, the sound of horses' hooves drumming on turf. A whip cracked and a melodious yelp followed. For a moment there was silence, then there was the

noise of many creatures forcing themselves through the thick brambles. There came a single sharp note on a hunting horn and a clear voice called "Leu in there, try find 'im, my beauties, leu in there old gals."

The cubs rose to their feet and ran through the maze of brambles away from that loud strange voice. Round and round they dodged and still that clear voice urged on the hounds which were drawing the covert.

Suddenly a hound whimpered, another spoke to the taint then another and another, until the air was full, full of their chiming voices. The huntsman cheered them, "Forred, forred, forred," and doubled on the horn. The panic-stricken cubs darted hither and thither among the thickest undergrowth. The little vixen cocked her ears. Death was here if she stayed. Her children must save themselves. She slid like a little red ghost down the ditch and set her mask for the open country.

## *A Narrow Escape*

One cub was nearly caught. Dodging in the brambles he rounded a bush and found himself surrounded by hounds. He heard a savage click as strong jaws clashed and missed and then, somehow he doubled back and away. That narrow escape was enough for him. Resolute as an old fox he slipped through the hedge and followed his mother. He caught one glimpse of a scarlet-coated horseman who raised his cap, and then he was away from those hated voices. He had saved his life.

The cry of the hounds changed to a deep, ferocious growling. They had killed a cub. The covert rang with the huntsman's triumphant "who-whoop" as they broke up the carcase. They did not linger long over the last rites but were soon hunting round the covert again. But again a cub was bold and went away, to be followed by two of his brothers. Only one was left and he was too cowardly to face the open. Before long he paid the penalty. The sun was hot and the hounds went home well satisfied with their morning's work.

Within a week the scattered family was back in the covert. They had had their first drilling in the perils of their life. They knew now that when they heard the huntsman's voice they must flee if they would save their lives. On some dull November morning they would hear that voice again and, remembering that brief scurry round the covert they would go away. Behind them would come the screaming pack and the thundering horses. Perhaps they would die or perhaps they would escape, but were it not for those who hunt them the little red marauders would soon be extinct. They would die miserable deaths by gun or trap or poison, too often wielded by inexperienced hands.



## NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

## Mainly Biographical

By the Literary Critic

THE opening of the autumn publishing season has been the occasion for the offering to the reading public of a number of interesting biographies and memoirs.

Among these books Miss Carola Oman's sympathetic but scholarly study of the Queen of Charles I deserves a high place both for the lively style in which it is written and for the admirable clarity of the portrait presented ("Henrietta Maria," Hodder and Stoughton, illustrated, 18s.).

Miss Oman does not attempt to exaggerate Henrietta's gifts. She paints the "Little Madam" as she was; virtuous, quick-witted, charming and courageous, but not always particularly discreet—especially in the open championship of her religion in a fanatically Protestant England. To Charles, who came to love her dearly, she was a loyal and affectionate wife.

On the outbreak of the Civil War, Henrietta Maria emerged as an extremely determined and energetic "Generalissima" in her husband's cause, raising large sums for the purchase of munitions, and herself escorting these munitions to England despite one serious setback and the obvious danger of encounter with the Parliamentary fleet.

Then after a few months of idyllic happiness at Oxford was to come a long series of calamities for her. Adversity and a heavy burden of sorrow did not, however, suffice to break her spirit, as may be gathered from the entertaining account Miss Oman gives of Henrietta's three-year visit to England after the Restoration.

**The Fox-hunting Squire in Politics**

Walter Long (Lord Long of Wraxall as he became in 1921) was the representative of a sturdy tradition in English politics, the fox-hunting squire who brought with them to Westminster that unswerving adherence to principle sometimes singularly lacking in the ordinary politician.

Sir Charles Petrie who has written what one can describe (without subscribing to all his opinions) as an eminently readable book round "Walter Long and His Times" (Hutchinson, illustrated, 18s.), has had access to Long's private papers and has thus been able to throw much new light on the course of important political events in which that statesman participated.

Perhaps the most dramatic story Sir Charles has to tell is that which concerns Long's act of self-abnegation in regard to the leadership of his Party when Balfour retired in 1911.

The right of succession seemed to lie between Long and Austen Chamberlain, and the former had reason to feel assured of a good majority over his rival.

Sir Harry Samuel and Sir George Armstrong were strongly pressing him to assert his claims,

but he declined to be "a party to putting the leadership of the Unionist cause up to a Dutch auction."

"I have determined to retire if Chamberlain will do so also, and then Bonar Law can be unanimously elected as the leader of the Unionist Party." He then turned to Sir Harry Samuel and said, "Harry, you've got to see to this for me." This was more than the other could stand, and he exclaimed "I'll be damned if I will!" "Am I your leader?" snapped Mr. Long. "Yes, sir." "Why, in God's name, don't you obey me then?"

Sir Harry took the message, and Bonar Law became leader of the party.

**Memoirs of a Spanish Princess**

The Infanta Eulalia is the aunt of the ex-King of Spain, Alfonso XIII. She was the daughter of one King and the sister of another, and in the course of her seventy-odd years of life she encountered practically all the crowned heads of Europe from Queen Victoria down to the ill-fated Tsar Nicholas of Russia.

Her memoirs just issued by Messrs. Hutchinson (16s.) reveal both a vivid personality and a shrewd discerning mind. The "Rebel" Princess who, ironically enough, had won her freedom from the Royal shackles that irked her through a marriage that was forced upon her, still retains much of her old independence of spirit, curbed though it is by a kindly understanding heart.

It is this which gives peculiar value to her intimate pictures of Court life in various countries.

**Burgomaster Max**

Burgomaster Max will always be remembered as among the greatest civilian heroes of the War.

Last year M. Max celebrated his jubilee as Burgomaster of Brussels and as a fitting sequel we now have the first complete and authoritative book on the subject of his war-time services to his countrymen. ("Burgomaster Max," by Oscar E. Millard, in collaboration with Auguste Vierset, with 18 illustrations, Hutchinson, 18s.).

The authors tell us that they have not attempted a full biography of the redoubtable Max since that would be tantamount to narrating the municipal history of Brussels. They have contented themselves with endeavouring

"to sharpen the silhouette of Adolphe Max in the rôle in which he is most widely known—as the civic hero of occupied Belgium."

"In so doing we have destroyed some legends, but we have substituted for them new or little-known facts."

The book incidentally sets out the whole story of Brussels during the war—for the greater part of which Max was of course, imprisoned in Germany—and among other things, we are told the inside history of the clandestine Press, notably *La Libre Belgique*, which was written, composed, printed and circulated under the very noses of the enemy.

## RACING

# A Jockey's Dilemma

By David Learmonth

**H**ERE is a pretty little problem in race riding. It is nothing so exciting as you think, just an account of the race for the St. Leger; but to those who understand racing and are possessed of imagination it will suggest an interesting picture of a jockey between the devil and the deep sea.

To quote from one very knowledgeable racing journalist, "Rhodes Scholar pulled himself to bits. That is how I would sum up his dire failure."

Now let us see what happened in the race. It was run at a wretched pace, in spite of which Rhodes Scholar was kept in the rear—at one time he was actually last. The horse pulled very hard and in his efforts to ride a waiting race Dick had to swing wide, thus losing a lot of ground.

I do not know what orders Dick was given; but it seems that he must have been tied down rigidly by his instructions, which he attempted to carry out to the best of his ability. The general opinion before and after the race was that Rhodes Scholar, who has been a difficult horse to train, was short of work; so that it seems almost certain that his jockey was told to wait until the last possible moment.

A jockey in these circumstances often finds himself in a dilemma. It is well known that a horse that fights for his head all the time takes a great deal out of himself, usually a good deal more than if he were allowed to go on, provided the race is run at a moderate pace, as this St. Leger was.

The jockey knows this; but he also knows the condition of his mount and he also knows that if he disobeys his orders and then fails to win he is likely to get into trouble. It is one of the most difficult situations in which a jockey can be; for, though this would not apply to Dick and the Manton Stable, there are owners and trainers who would put the worst possible construction on any such disobedience.

## When I Rode to Orders

I remember once being in a similar dilemma myself. Tom Leader asked me to ride a horse belonging to a well known bookmaker, now deceased, in a National Hunt Flat Race at Warwick. The horse was a "dog" and Leader's instructions to me were to tuck him in behind the others and on no account to let him see daylight in front of him until I was almost on the post. If I did this, he told me, I had a chance of stealing the race; on the other hand, if I broke my orders the horse would certainly stop.

I did exactly as I was told and all went well until I was halfway up the straight when Pat Dennis came up outside me and stayed level with me, thus completely shutting me in. Now the proper thing to do in these circumstances is to pull out a little as the other rider comes up from behind in order to give oneself a clear run. But if I pulled out I

should be allowing the horse to see the broad expanse of the course in front of him, in which case he would stop to nothing.

The only other thing I could do was to remain shut in and hope that something would happen which would give me an opportunity of getting through, which I thought was rather a forlorn hope. I stuck to my orders and chose this alternative; with the result that I was hopelessly shut in and had to try to squeeze through on the rails at the last moment, which, of course, is not at all the thing to do on an unreliable horse, which will almost certainly pack up if he gets a bump.

Needless to say I could not get through in time to have any chance of winning and, so far as I remember, I finished third or close up fourth. However, Tom Leader said I had done the only thing possible in the circumstances, so I went away happy.

## Armchair Critics

I mention this incident to show that a jockey is often blamed by the public for something which is in no way his fault, because I feel sure that a lot of people must be blaming Dick for his handling of Rhodes Scholar in the St. Leger.

Fortunately jockeys are used to this sort of armchair criticism, which is not really a bad thing, as these discussions in four-ale bars during the evenings helps to keep the general public interested in the sport.

It seems queer, however, to the informed racing man, though it is quite understandable, how such small matters such as possible errors of judgment are discussed for weeks while the great dramas pass unnoticed.

It is possible that the greatest St. Leger drama of modern times will never be known to the man in the street. It is certain that the story will never appear in print, at least for many years.

There was a certain well known candidate for the last of the classics which had been heavily backed by a number of people, including one very well known backer. This man went into the ring at Doncaster before the race and was so struck by the apparent eagerness of the bookmakers to lay the horse that he immediately smelt a rat.

He had no definite information; but having a very large sum of money at stake, he decided to take a chance and try a gigantic piece of bluff.

Having made up his mind, he walked into the weighing room, went straight up to the jockey who was to ride the horse and said, "— if you don't win the St. Leger I'll see you never ride again."

This so frightened the jockey, who thought the backer had definite proof of his dishonesty, that he won the race. His victory was said to have cost a certain bookmaker fifty thousand pounds, all of which it is only fair to say he paid up without squealing.

**We invite our readers  
to write to us express-  
ing their views on  
matters of current  
:: :: interest :: ::**

# WHAT OUR R

Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issue are requested to arrange for them to reach us as early as possible.

## Proud to be a "Rebel"

MADAM,—

Quite by accident a few weeks ago I read a copy of your *Review*. I was simply staggered. Here in Christian England was a paper that dared to denounce the forces of anti-Christ and build up its circulation on the now defunct idea of "For God, King and Country."

The British working man, who after all is the soul of the country, may not be, as Father Woodlock pointed out, a great Church attender; but nevertheless he possesses Christian ideals.

Given a free Press in this country, unstifled by Jewish Communism, he would then be better able to learn the nature of this great anti-Christ that is trying to sweep the world from pole to pole.

With the exception of the Northcliffe papers, all our newspapers, and I am sorry to relate the B.B.C. also, have distorted the true cause and effects of the Spanish civil war.

They still prefer to call the forces fighting for God, their families and their country "Rebels." Those fighting for the Red Flag of Russia they call "Loyalists." This Red destruction and savagery has succeeded in Russia and Mexico, and, but for Herr Hitler and Benito Mussolini, the same fate would have attended Germany and Italy.

And now, when General Franco and General de Lano raise an army to prevent the same happening in Spain, this Press of England, supposed to be Christian, calls them "Rebels," and prefers to print news of Russian Generals toasting our beloved King.

If this Godless army, ruled by Russia, are the Loyalists—thank God I am a Rebel.

"REBEL."

Kensington Park Gardens, W.11.

### Workers and the Empire

NOBLE LADY,—

You alone of all who profess to love our glorious Empire have denounced in no uncertain terms the shameful and disgraceful policy of giving away the fruits of our hard won Empire, while there are still unemployed in this country who are workless. Many of us who are patriots have been looking for someone to give us a lead in these things.

We must crush the Viper of Bolshevism before its slimy tentacles encircle all that is Decent, Pure and English in our national life.

These alien doctrines are spread by traitors suborned by Moscow gold, men, if we can call them men, who prefer Bolshevik bribes to British wages. I am sure the British working man will see more hope in his great Empire than in anything that these foreign scum can offer him.

By broadcasting the real truth to all, you are saving them from being contaminated by Communism.

Carry on, Madam, in your Noble Crusade and patriotic citizens will stand behind you with feet firmly planted.

J. J. SAKID.

Much Holsham, Herts.

### A Tribute from America

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

For more than a year my family has been reading your courageous and patriotic *Saturday Review* with hearty approval. We can be counted with those Americans who

still think of Britain as our Mother Country; we are interested in her problems because of the vitally close material connection between our affairs and hers; but, more important, because of the bond of sympathy and blood we know exists.

It is the misfortune of the United States as it is Great Britain's that there are many foolish and self-seeking politicians in important government positions.

These men, if they can be called men, are too stupid to appreciate the horrors the Communism of Godless Russia has in store for us—and it is surely coming to both Britain and the United States unless we fight it as you do.

We of these United States who are fighting desperately against Communism are greatly encouraged by your fearless *Saturday Review*.

May God bless you in your fight to save Christian civilisation; I know He will.

JOSEPH RILUS EASTMAN, Jr.

970, North Meridian Street,  
Indianapolis, U.S.A.

### A Clergyman's Appreciation

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Permit me heartily to congratulate you on your outspoken *Saturday Review*. You will see by enclosed parish magazine that I am one of the few in the Church of England to speak out.

I recently preached on the subject of Spain. The sermon was well reported and caused a strong correspondence in the Press and, of course, the usual abuse from the Bolshies.

May God bless all your efforts!

LOUIS A. EWART, Vicar.

All Saints Vicarage,  
Earls Barton, Northampton.

### Spreading The Truth

DEAR MADAM,—

I have become a constant subscriber to your *Review*, especially to advise my personal friends overseas of the true state of affairs in the Cabinet in England, which is certainly a disgrace to the Empire.

C. H. EDWARDS.

77, St. Thomas Street, Weymouth.

### Loyalty and the Cavalry Club

SIR,—I regret to see in your current issue that C.H., in an otherwise good article, has been allowed to disparage collectively the members of this Club—apparently on the grounds that one member wrote a letter to the Press with which few, if any, of us would agree.

This is the more surprising as your paper has more than a few supporters and even some occasional contributors who are members here.

Had the opposing forces been called from the start the Reds and anti-Reds it would be correct, but no wonder so many of the public are confused when in the course of a very short article in one of the Sunday papers one reads of "General Mola's rebel troops," who are then called "patriot forces," and next "anti-Red."

GHORA WALLA.

Cavalry Club.



# READERS THINK

## Red Menace in South Africa

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

As a South African where the poison propaganda amongst seven million blacks is going on merrily, financed by Moscow, I feel we all owe you a great debt for expressing this the greatest danger to the Empire.

England—Germany—Italy; that is, as you quite rightly foresee, the only safe alliance of the future; if not, the downfall of this Empire of ours with its weak Home and even weaker Union Government of ours is a certainty.

The Reds will, and do, not stop at anything. They've been found out and I am glad Citrine did his share this week to echo your belief and help you in your work.

I have sent copies of your journal south to some who don't think as I do. They will later.

E. HEVES.

Springbok, Namaqualand, S.W.A.

### Anxiety in India

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I have read with pleasure the *Saturday Review*, Vol 162, 8th August, 1936.

We are naturally glued to the deeds and words of Anthony Eden.

India is not in the least surprised at to-day's development! Between them, Anthony Eden (a novice in diplomacy) and Mr. Baldwin, things are coming to a tragic end. The whole of Europe realises that only the Communist and Red element in England wish to be allied to Soviet Russia. If England goes much further in this direction there will be NOT WAR—BUT CIVIL WAR.

A strong man is required to take England in hand, that strong man is our King. The King, and only the King, can remake the whole of the British Empire. England to a man worships the ground he treads on. He is the inspiration of every man, woman and child in Great Britain and her colonies. We look to him as the saviour of England and the living example to the world. He is the very incarnation of the nation.

Lady Houston, I am convinced that every sane man, woman and child wishes you success in your courageous campaign against Bolshevism, and against the downfall of splendid, heroic England; a campaign worthy indeed of her great past.

ALISON CLELAND.

Chandpore Bagan P.O.  
S. Sylhet.

### To Find a Leader

SIR,—Are we not all writing and talking too much and doing nothing if we want to save this country? Leadership is essential. It has been suggested by many that in the person of His Majesty, if he would consent, we have the only possible answer, inasmuch that we are all sick and weary of graft and place-seeking. Apart from being by character eminently fitted for the rôle; His Majesty to-day combines the advantages of a Leader above suspicion and one to which the loyal element in the country is increasingly turning in these days when the very dregs of Democratic Government is on its last legs.

Every day's perusal of the Press brings one nearer to the truth, that unless we awake and throw the present gang out we are lost, for we are clearly playing into the Bolshevik hands, though whether from fear or policy, Whitehall alone knows.

S. P. CHRISTIE.

Chy Barnet,  
Gurnard's Head, St. Ives.

### The Man Who Woke Up The Empire

SIR,—The message Air Commodore P. F. M. Fellowes has given this country, as reported in the *Morning Post* of 12th inst., is the most reassuring I have seen for many a long day.

He states: "I think we can really say from our hearts 'Thanks to Signor Mussolini,' for if it had not been for him we would have been as sound asleep as we were 18 months ago. If we ever set up a memorial to him in England, I think we should have on it, 'The man who woke up the British Empire just in time.'"

All the fuss against Mussolini and Hitler has been caused through jealousy because they have done what we ought to have done immediately after the Great War.

Would to God we had even half a man like either of them to save our young men from being the rotters they are, wasting their precious time on the streets, in the cinemas, on the football field and dirt track as spectators. Half the discipline insisted upon in Italy or Germany would soon turn them from a C3 race into an A1 race.

Young England has the right, under God, to look forward to a long life of prosperity, peace and happiness, as in the Victorian era. She could have it but for our old women in Parliament and our namby-pamby milksops, who call themselves "Pacifists" because they are quite ready to have their brothers slaughtered, as they were in 1915, so long as their own miserable skins are secure. If other nations, who suffered most, can recover, we could have done so years ago but for the little Englanders—an appropriate term—who are moving heaven and earth to wreck the Empire.

ALEXANDER M. GIFFORD.

25, Granville Park, S.E.13.

### A New Recruit

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

One day this week I was purchasing a paper in a news-agents when I noticed a *Saturday Review* placard bearing the legend: "The Truth about Spain" by Father Woodlock, S.J. I at once bought a copy of the *Review*, and was delighted with it. I have never before seen the paper, but I am going to see it every week in future.

I cannot express to you the delight I felt when I read your paper, it presents the Christian side of the terrible Spanish troubles so truthfully. I am at last glad to find that there is a paper which opposes the views of the "Bumble Press."

I used to buy one of the "Bumble Press" papers; but I was so disgusted at the lies published barefacedly in it that I at once changed it for the *Daily Mail*.

I know a gentleman who was in Spain till a few weeks ago. And I know from him that the Bumble Press is publishing untruths.

Unfortunately, a great many Christian Englishmen think that Communism is solely against Roman Catholics and that it will defend Protestantism, but this is not so. Communism is definitely against all religion, as explained by Father Woodlock in his article in the *Saturday Review* of September 5th.

I thank God that at last there is an organ to open the eyes of Englishmen against this terrible Godless party of Communists who wish to destroy the religions of men.

JAMES S. CUMMINS.

35, Cecil Street,  
Wavertree, Liverpool, 15.

# WHAT OUR READERS THINK

## The Truth at Last

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

It is a relief to read in your *Review* what I know to be the truth about Communism and the civil war in Spain. May God grant that the "Rebels," as they are so wrongly called, may save Spain from the horrors of Soviet rule.

If something is not done to stamp out Communism in England, then England also, weltering in her own blood, will have to learn as Spain is learning, what a fatal thing it is to make a truce with the Devil.

I congratulate you on the great work you are doing.

M. B. HOPKINSON.

75, Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

## Concealing Communism

SIR,—Well might the British politicians be ashamed of themselves for so attempting to keep the public in ignorance of the horror of Bolshevism that it has necessitated a solitary woman to stand up and openly declare the danger with which we are all imperilled.

What is there to hesitate about in denouncing the most frightful of political parties, Communism?

It has no fear of God, no respect of woman's purity. It is just pure lust for blood and plunder, the filth from which it was moulded.

Herr Adolf Hitler has purified his country from the debasing stigma of the Bolshevik; Mussolini has done the same in Italy.

These were men indeed; doing their duty as men should. Evidently there are no such persons in our Houses of Parliament, and a woman, Lady Houston, must undertake the responsibility of preserving our heritage—the British Empire—for our children!

Carry on Lady Houston! Your fight is indeed courageous and deserves the co-operation of the British public. I wish you complete success.

RICHARD G. LESLIE.

32, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

## The Real Issue in Spain

SIR,—Having lived in Spain and made a study of the Spanish people and their politics, I read with amazement some of the letters certain daily papers have received from presumably intelligent people. It is evident that many of these writers have never lived in the country and that what study they have made of Spanish political conditions has been extremely scant.

The issue is clear. It is a national movement of all classes, Right Republicans, Monarchists, Catholics, Traditionalists, Fascists, etc., combined to save Spain from the so-called Popular Front Government which is dominated by the Red elements—Communists, Socialists, Syndicalists and Anarchists.

If Communism comes to Spain—or democracy as certain papers will have their blind public believe—it will undoubtedly mean the final stages of Spain's great fall. Already they have destroyed many of the beautiful thirteenth and fourteenth century churches, which for generations have been the pride of Spain, not to mention the ghastly atrocities committed on the clergy. More tragic still, are the advantages the Communists take of the illiterate peasants, who, on being promised improved living conditions and protection of their lands and property, fight for what other cause they know not. At least forty per cent. can neither read nor write.

## Fighting for Civilisation

Within recent years Russian influence in Spain has become more and more apparent. To-day it is at a head. The so-called "Rebels" are desperately fighting to save their country from this menace and ultimate destruction. They are fighting against the lowest form of civilised men, Communists, who endeavour to improve their marksmanship by shooting at the figure of Christ. They are fighting for Spain, its religion, its moral standard and everything that goes to constitute a great country.

Their success will mean the extermination of Russian influence in Spain once and for all. May God help them.

It is appalling to note that not only is Communism rampant in France and Spain, but also is not unknown in England. It is largely the success of the *Spanish Nationalists* which will decide whether or not these instigators of Civil War become dominant.

JOHN RAYMOND WOOLER.

18, Hughenden Road,  
Clifton, Bristol.

## POINTS FROM LETTERS

The Conservative Party has sold itself to international finance. The Socialist and Liberal Parties are soaked with Internationalism. Our Press, wireless and cinema, the three forces that make public opinion, are tainted with the same evil.

BRITISH CONSTABLE.

Jerusalem.

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Since October of last year, when the petition against afforestation in Eskdale and Dunnerdale—signed by 13,000 persons knowing the Lake District—was presented to the Forestry Commission, no concession whatever has been made by the Commissioners.

HOWARD OF PENRITH (President).

Friends of the Lake District.

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De Valera intends to get rid of us altogether. South Africa is playing with the idea of a Republic, and the guns sound in Cairo as the "Treaty of Alliance" is signed. Our present feeble Cabinet is betraying the Empire.

RUSSELL STEELE.

King's Hotel, Brighton.

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The machinations of the World Freemasonry of Jewry is the hidden hand to which "Historicus" referred in his article "What England Wants."

CONSERVATIVE.

Blackpool.

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They (Churchmen) cannot assimilate the fact that should England catch the Red Plague, Westminster Abbey would probably be blown up and the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Westminster martyred side by side.

G. PATRICK ROBERTSON.

153, Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

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The B.B.C. are our servants, paid by the public's money; and no doubt many more anti-Reds pay ten shillings for a licence than do the Red faction in this country.

C. F. W. JAMESON.

72a, Sinclair Road, W.

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The League of Nations Union has substituted its old posters for others of a milder nature in the hope of inducing some of its most powerful erstwhile supporters to return to the fold.

R. D. BEITH, Lt.-Col.

101, Piccadilly.

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In the preliminary discussion on the Spanish situation, the T.U.C. succeeded at Plymouth in making once again a mockery of the word "liberty."

G. C. STARR.

Morpeth Mansions, S.W.1.

# The "SATURDAY REVIEW"

## REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS

### LICENSED

**ABERFELDY**, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

**ALEXANDRIA**, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

**AVIEMORE**, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

**AYLESBURY**. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

**BAMBURGH**, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

**BELFAST**. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2/7/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

**BLACKPOOL**. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very good.

**BOURNE END**, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

**BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE**. — Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

**BRACKNELL**, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon. 2 gns. Golf, riding.

**BRIGHTON**, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

**BROADSTAIRS**, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

**BURFORD**, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS**, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

**CALENDER**, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**CAMBRIDGE**. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

**CARDIFF**. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Breakfast). 37/6. Golf.

**CLOVELLY**. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

**CLYDERWEN**. — Castle Hotel, Maerclachey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

**COMRIE**, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/-. W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

**CONISTON**, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

**DOWDERRY**, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annexe, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**DULVERTON**, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

**DUNDEE**. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059

**ELY**, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

**FALMOUTH**, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Veian. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

**GLASGOW**, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-; Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

**GLASGOW**, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

**GREAT MALVERN**, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

**GULLANE**, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

**HAMILTON**, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

**HASLEMERE**, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

**HERNE BAY**. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

**ILFRACOMBE**, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns.; overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

**ROYAL CLARENCE** Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

**INVERARY**. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**KESWICK**, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

**KIBWORTH**. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

**LOCH AWE**, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

**LONDON**. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

**GORE HOTEL**, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

**GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL**, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1. Tel.: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

**HOTEL STRATHCONA**, 25 and 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

**SHAFTESBURY** Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. & c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

**THE PLAZA** Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 15/6. Lun., 3/6; a.m., 4/6.

**LOSSIEMOUTH**, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

**LYNMOUTH**, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-. Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Lin., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

**MORTEHOE**, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**. — Central Exchange Hotel, Gray Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 2. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

**OTTERBURN HALL HOTEL**. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

**NEWTON STEWART**, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

**NITON**, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £2 5/-. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

**OCKHAM**, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-. Golf.

**PADSTOW**, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

**PAIGNTON, DEVON**. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

**PERTH**, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-. Garden.

**PETERBOROUGH**. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

**PLYMOUTH**, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

**PORTPATRICK**, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from 2½ weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

**RICHMOND**, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

**RIPON**, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

**ROSS-ON-WYE**. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 5; Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

**SALISBURY**, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

**SALOP**. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-. Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Fordminster.

**SCARBOROUGH**, Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38; Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

**THE RAVEN HALL** Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5; Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

**SIDMOUTH**. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

**SOUTH UIST**, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf 5 miles, free to hotel guests; fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

**STOKE-ON-TRENT**. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Sup. acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

**STOCKBRIDGE**, Hants. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 3. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/-. Golf, trout fishing.

**STRANRAER**, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

**TEIGNMOUTH**, Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

**TEWKESBURY**, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

**TORQUAY**. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

**PALM COURT** Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., from 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

**VIRGINIA** Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and Bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

**WALTON-ON-NAZE**. — Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

**WARWICK**. — Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

**WINDERMERE**. — Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

**YARMOUTH**. — Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 25. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., from 2/6; Din., from 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.



## HOTELS—Continued

## UNLICENSED

**BLACKPOOL.**—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

**BOURNEMOUTH.**—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

**BRIGG.** Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week; fishing.

**BRIGHTON.**—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone: 434711.

**BRIGHTON (HOVE).**—NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL, First Avenue. Overlooking sea and lawns. Comfortable residential hotel. LIFT, Central Heating, etc. Vita Sun Lounge. From 4 guineas. Special residential terms.

**BRISTOL.**—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

**BUDE.** N. Cornwall. — The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view. — Pens., 4 gns. each per week—full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

**BURNTISLAND.** Fifehire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

**CHELMSFORD.** ESSEX. — Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

**CHELTEMHAM SPA.** — Visit the Bays-hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

**PYATTS HOTEL.** Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-; Lun., 8/-; Din., 5/-; Golf, polo.

**DAWLISH.** S. Devon. — Sea View Hotel. ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

**EASTBOURNE.** — Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

**EDINBURGH.** — St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

**FALMOUTH.** S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. 'Phone: 141.

**MADEIRA PRIVATE HOTEL.** Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

**FELIXSTOWE.** SUFFOLK. — Bracadale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

**FERNDOWN.** Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

**FOLKESTONE.** — Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. Elec. light. Central Heating. No extras. Tel.: 3341.

**FOLKESTONE.**—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best"—34 gns. Winter 2 gns.—Prop., Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

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# EMPIRE NEWS

## Australians Glow with Pride

From an Australian Correspondent

ANY Australian who failed to experience a glow of pride at the tributes evoked from every responsible quarter of the United Kingdom by the Commonwealth Budget for 1936-37 would be inhuman.

The tributes are the more welcome because they are not mere empty flatteries. They are the accolade of the same statesmanship which saved Australia from the consequences of a childlike adherence to the belief that prosperity would endure forever.

The economies Australia was obliged to practise when the financial blizzard broke were as nothing compared with those imposed on British taxpayers.

At the same time, Australians were obliged to suffer very real hardships to repair the damage wrought by a succession of spendthrift administrations, hardships which at times weighed heavily on a people accustomed to good and plenty.

It is to be hoped that those days of stringent economy are ended. The tax remissions which Mr. R. G. Casey, the Federal Treasurer, was able to announce certainly suggest a brighter future.

He announced cuts totalling £5,275,000 in direct and indirect exactions. Wisely, Mr. Casey sought to ease, as far as possible, the burden resting with crippling weight on the local income taxpayer.

The Commonwealth expects to receive, in all, £2,055,000 less from local income taxation in 1936-37 than it received in 1935-36. That is, £2,055,000 more money will be available to accelerate the revival of Australian trade and industry.

But mere reduction of taxation is not the true purple patch of the Commonwealth Budget. The Government's decision to spend £8,809,107 on defence—the largest defence vote in Australia's history—is infinitely more significant.

*"The Government wish to put clearly before the people the provision it is incumbent on them to make for defence,"* Mr. Casey said, in announcing the defence vote.

*"It is essential to remember constantly that the burden entailed by preparedness is small compared with the cost of war in money and lives."*

Those words, expressive of the cold truth as every clear thinker recognises it to-day, should stifle any serious criticism of the defence vote before it is born.

Doctrinaire pacifists and noisy enemies of the existing social system will no doubt cry out against the "murder vote," but they are likely to find little support among the great mass of Australians.

Nevertheless, excellent Budget though Mr. Casey's is from most viewpoints, it strikes one unhappy note. The Lyons Government has previously been assailed for failure to appreciate the importance of the England-Australia air service.

The Budget demonstrates that the charge is not without foundation. Considering the nature of the Budget, the new expenditure, £75,000, voted for the development of the air mail service seems almost paltry.

The Lyons Government apparently fails to comprehend that the service is, or could be, of immense strategic value. In wartime, the merchant sea service is an important auxiliary to the Navy.

Similarly, a civil air service must be expected to act as an important auxiliary to a fighting air force in any war of the future.

The Empire cannot afford to lag in the race for civil air equality, if not supremacy. It is regrettable that Australia should show so little awareness of the necessity for developing this phase of Imperial communications with the utmost speed.

## Mammoth Map Making

ONE of the world's largest maps is now being methodically made by a small army of geologists in British Columbia. They are examining a twenty-thousand mile area of unexplored mineral resources in the centre of the province, and hope to be able to present to prospectors and miners a chart which will help them to develop new sources of wealth for Canada and themselves.

They have been hard at work throughout the summer and are now approaching the end of their labours.

Maps of a smaller scale are being made further south at the same time. A three-thousand mile area of mountainous country, some of which was sketchily investigated in previous years, is being reduced to a map scaled down to four miles to the inch, while not far away the topographical mapping of a twelve-thousand square mile area, also on a four mile to the inch basis, is being undertaken by four parties.

## John Buchan Becomes a Redskin

TO millions of readers throughout the Empire the Governor-General of Canada is known as Mr. John Buchan. In diplomatic circles in Canada and in London he is identified as Lord Tweedsmuir. Now a third designation has been added by the Cree Indians, to whose circle he has been admitted under the name of Chief Okemow Otataowkew, which means "The Teller of Tales."

The ceremony of installation,

which was held recently at Carlton, near Saskatoon, was an impressive one. Thousands of Indians in colourful array watched their chief, Sam Swimmer of the Sweet Grass Clan, whose uncle was a noted Indian warrior half a century ago, place on Okemow Otataowkew's head the feathered emblem of high Indian rank and drape about his shoulders a caribou skin.

Ever resourceful, Mr. John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir and Chief Okemow Otataowkew spoke to his fellow tribesmen in their native tongue, after which fifty Indian braves danced before him.

In order to make this ceremony complete, the Cree Indians, remembering the greatest White Chief of all, handed to their new brother a beaded robe with the request that he transmit it to the King as a Coronation gift.

## Probing the Arctic's Secrets

THE Arctic regions are slowly but surely being made to yield their secrets. Year by year the Canadian Government send an expedition to those areas within the Arctic Circle which come under their control. Their primary purpose is to keep contact with the outposts and settlements there, to replenish their supplies and to relieve their personnel. But scientists and geologists accompany these annual explorations as well and bring back important data on mineral potentialities, weather, navigation and settlement possibilities.

This year's expedition promises to yield information of a particularly important kind. According to wireless messages received by the Hon. T. A. Crerar, Canada's Minister of the interior, the expedition, which embarked in the middle of July on the veteran exploration ship, "Nascopie," has completed the southern sections of her voyage and is now on the way to the more northerly posts of Baffin, Devon and Ellesmere Islands.

It has touched at points on the coast of Labrador at the entrance to the Hudson Strait—where a party landed to continue the work begun last year of establishing astronomical stations for mapping and charting purposes—and later the "Nascopie" reached the south coast of Baffin Island.

In succession the little ship passed Wakeham Bay, Sugluk West and Wolstenholme, where two further members of the scientific party landed to conduct scientific investigations into the history and physiography of the region.

At Port Churchill, which the party reached on August 12th, a number of additional members of the expedition were taken on, and at Chesterfield,



the "Nascopie" unloaded supplies for the Medical Officer stationed there, as well as for the staff of the Direction-finding Station. Here also news was received that the members of the British-Canadian Arctic Expedition, who are spending two years on Southampton Island on research work were all in excellent fettle.

It is an indication of the long reach of law and order that at most of the spots on the "Nascopie's" itinerary members of the North West Mounted Police are receiving fresh supplies or are being relieved by new detachments.

## Over the Mountains of the Moon

By "Jay Marston"

Fort Portal, Uganda.

IT not infrequently occurs that the European in Africa views with some sensations of regret new enterprises on the part of his own race which aim at bringing civilisation to what appears to be an idyllically primitive region.

Such an enterprise seems, at first sight, the construction of the new road over the Mountains of the Moon on which the Uganda Government is at present engaged, with a view to linking up the hitherto isolated country of Bwamba to the rest of the Protectorate.

At present Bwamba is only approachable by way of an arduous pass, most lovely where it crosses low altitude forest, bamboo forest and deep valleys choked with magnificent tree ferns over the mountains.

A constant stream of natives, Bakonjo and Baamba, bearing fabulous loads suspended by banana-fibre straps over the forehead, flows over this pass daily, on barter intent.

They are pleasant-faced, many of the mountain Bakonjo in particular being extremely good-looking as natives go; and their primitive nakedness is as yet only covered by a small loin cloth and perhaps a monkey or goat-skin for warmth.

The Baamba themselves, whose country occupies the foothills and a part of the lovely, fertile plain immediately at the foot of the mountains, are semi-pygmyes, with round, smiling faces and a charming simplicity of manner.

They live in little villages of thatched mud huts, round or square, often surrounded by a stockade of the elephant grass which grows to a height of quite twenty feet.

The chiefs' houses and the rest camps have ceilings and pillars cleverly worked with reeding of this same grass, ornamented and bound with dark banana fibre.

Their country, rich of soil and abounding in clear, boulder-strewn mountain streams and rivers, provides all that is needed for their simple wants. Goats and fowls and sheep, banana groves, bean and rice fields, the latter attended by small *totos* clapping their hands to scare thieving birds, flourish everywhere.



The Baamba: A semi-pygmy race.

But about ten years ago it was discovered that here was a land where economic crops such as *Robusta* coffee and cotton, so profitable in the rest of the Protectorate, would grow magnificently. Plantations and plots were opened up, labour was organised, and results were considered to justify further developments.

Hence the road—for increased production could obviously not be dealt with by head portage over that arduous pass.

It will cost thousands, and may reach completion in about three years. Motor lorries will invade the lovely tropical forest, gay with gorgeous butterflies, at the northern end of Bwamba, and will storm across the peaceful plain. The Baamba will take to clothing, and to thinking in terms of money.

On the other hand, scientific and medical aids will be brought closer; and the terrible infant mortality which ravages this most prolific race may be reduced.

## National Park for Kenya

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

THE game laws of Kenya are excellent for they are framed to defeat, which they do, the commercialisation of game for private gain.

Kenya has the world's finest natural zoo, but it might be better exploited than it has been so far.

South Africa has its Kruger National Park which attracts visitors in scores. Kenya has two enormous game reserves, but that is all.

National Parks attract any visitor, not merely the hunter or the photographer. Most tourists are intrigued by something new and to the average visitor from Europe or the U.S.A. it gives them a kick to be able to watch game, safely, going about its business on the veld.

Admittedly a National Park needs money to start it, and Kenya has none—at present—to spend on something that will not bring in an immediate income.

Perhaps the Colonial Office might be induced to give a grant to start it? Even the Belgians have got theirs going in the Congo.

Roads and rest houses where parties can camp and buy certain essentials are the primary needs in the way of expenditure.

At present many inhabitants of Kenya have never seen quarter of the species that live not so very far from them.

Every now and then there is a howl about the decimation of African game, but even to-day periodical wars have to be waged on elephant, rhino, buffalo and lion to prevent them increasing too fast.

One feels sure that the champions of the native races would hate to think that native crops were raided and native stock consumed by marauders.

Apart from the native the white settlers suffer considerably from the perpetual raids of the carnivora. Nightly most herds and flocks have to be shut up in *bomas* to defeat these wily killers.

Antelopes, gazelle, pigs and zebra consume more grass than is eaten by the European-owned flocks and herds.

Certain species such as buffalo, bushbuck and eland carry the dread disease of rinderpest, which wipes out stock far quicker than it can be bred.

Most of the white people have a mild affection for the game in spite of the damage they do, but in time most of the game will have to go, at any rate from settled areas, not forgetting the native reserves.

Therefore, it seems wisest to plan ahead and establish a National Park which cannot be thrown open like a reserve by a change of Government; it would quite soon pay for itself and in time pay back the capital.



## FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The First Promoters of English Colonisation

By Professor A. P. Newton

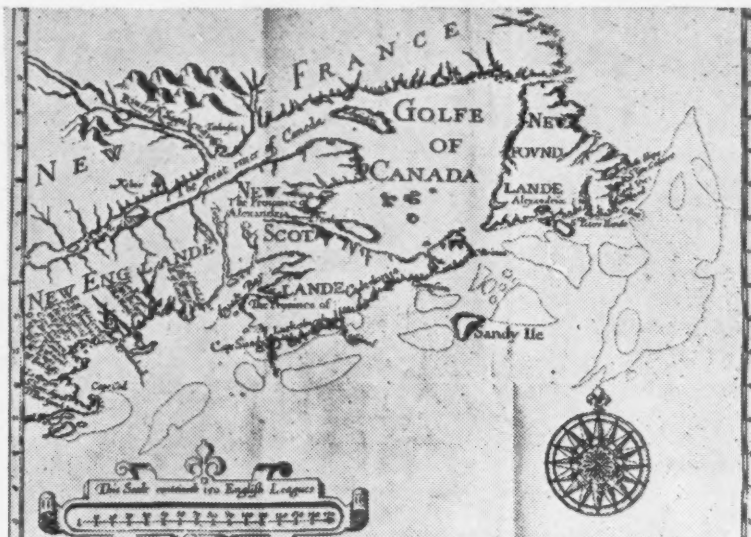
NEITHER England nor France succeeded in planting any permanent colonies across the ocean for a hundred years after the Spaniards had successfully established themselves in Hispaniola and Cuba at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The Portuguese posts on the coasts of the Indian Ocean were only garrisoned trading stations and not true colonies, but in Brazil they had already established plantations of emigrants before the middle of the century, and it was there that the first struggle for colonial power began.

At that time and for many years afterwards, Englishmen thought only of trade beyond the sea and had no ambition to found colonies or acquire territory across the sea, but in France a serious plan was conceived of overcoming Spain by attacking her colonies and establishing French settlements in America.

The great advocate of this policy was the celebrated Gaspar de Coligny, Admiral of France, and it was he who for the first time considered theoretically the advantages to be derived from the establishment of colonies over sea.

When civil war broke out in France and Coligny took the lead of the party of the Reformed Religion, he began to plan French settlements on the coast of Brazil or in Florida, which should be places of refuge for



Early map of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and the St. Lawrence—c. 1625. This shows the conception of the relative size of these ports at the time. Note the contemporary names of places.

those who had been persecuted in France.

At the same time such settlements would provide bases from which privateering war could be carried on against Spanish commerce.

Various attempts were made to carry Coligny's schemes into operation, and though they all failed disastrously, they had one important result in that they gave rise to the first English schemes for colonisation as distinct from trade overseas.

In 1561-62 just at the time when Coligny was in the midst of his plans for Huguenot colonisation he was also negotiating with Queen Elizabeth for assistance against the Catholic party.

An army of some 6,000 English soldiers was despatched to occupy the port of le Havre-de-Grace and among those who served in it were three Englishmen whose names are worthy of recall in our Colonial history.

They were Richard Eden, Thomas Stukeley and Humphrey Gilbert. Each of them was interested in the new colonising schemes that were being discussed with such high aspirations among Coligny's followers, and each was moved to action by them when the defeated English Army returned to England.

Eden took up the task of rendering available to his countrymen for the first time a full account of what the Spaniards had done in the New World and in his *Decades* he translated some of the accounts of the Spanish historians of the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro in Mexico and Peru.

His book was the forerunner of the more celebrated works of Richard Hakluyt which were the inspiration of so many English schemes of discovery and colonisation.

Thomas Stukeley was the first Englishman to advocate the colonisation of Florida according to the plans

foreshadowed by Coligny, and he obtained the sanction and support of the Queen in fitting out an expedition to carry it out.

But in his case colonisation was a mere pretence to cloak a piratical scheme for raiding Spanish commerce.

By far the most important, however, of these three men, who drew the nucleus of their ideas from Coligny was Humphrey Gilbert, the younger son of a family of Devonshire squires, who had taken up the profession of arms as a soldier in the Havre expedition.

He was marked by a powerful imagination and the ideas of the French colonisers set him on fire with a desire for English expansion.

His first effort was to set on foot a scheme for the discovery of a passage to the rich regions of Cathay by the north and in 1566 he wrote a *Discourse* to prove its practicability and the advantages to be derived from English settlements in the northern regions.

But the scheme came to nothing and Gilbert turned instead to colonising in Ireland, where for the next few years in the intervals of fighting against the native Irish he attempted to settle colonies of Englishmen.

However, all these attempts came to nothing, and about 1574 he returned to the scheme for finding a North West Passage.

His *Discourse* was published in 1576 in support of the appeals for public subscriptions by the Company of Kathay, and it thus became the first English colonising tract.

His later life and the tragic failure of his attempt to colonise Newfoundland or Nova Scotia have been made for ever familiar in the pages of Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations*, but the original source of his ideas is less known and is for that reason worthy of recall.



Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 16th century explorer of N.W. passage to India, and advocate of English Colonies in North America.

# Why Strong Markets?

By Our City Editor

**I**F Stock Markets were an official propagandist department of the Government they could hardly do more in their endeavour to convince everyone that "everything in the garden is lovely." Without in any way trying to be more "bearish" than the situation seems to warrant, it is as well to glance for a moment at factors at home and abroad which should influence security prices in the immediate future. First, the chance of War. The fatalists hold the view that if War comes in earnest neither security prices nor anything else in this country will be of much value for long, so that this adverse factor may be at once dismissed in taking a practical view; in our present state of unpreparedness, there is much to be said for this not too comforting view. Hardly second to such a catastrophe, and ignoring the trouble in Palestine, is the chance of France surrendering to Bolshevik influences—and her financial position is such that "Red" propagandists are placed in a most favourable position. Third, we have the total uncertainty in America which attends a Presidential election, and fourth we are in the midst of the Spanish trouble in which at any moment we might find ourselves seriously involved—probably on the wrong side.

As regards events at home, trade continues on its upward swing, but foreign trade is most unsatisfactory. Last month there was but a trifling increase in exports, while imports were nearly £7,000,000 up and the visible adverse trade balance for the first eight months is £47,000,000 more than a year ago. This is hardly encouraging to those who realise that this country must pay for its high standard of living provided so largely from abroad. In our home industries, there are signs that rising prices will bring the natural demands for increased wages and the usual posse of labour disputes; to look for these, however, is possibly unnecessarily pessimistic. On what then, is the boom in gilt-edged stocks and certain classes of industrial shares based? There is no other basis than the Treasury's artificial "cheap money" policy and unsound Government financing of rearmament.

## The Franc and Gold Shares

Though the sterling exchange on Paris has been strictly controlled from both sides of the Channel, it has gradually moved against the franc to nearly Fr. 77, and as the sterling price for gold is based on the French Exchange, the price of gold

has declined to little over 137s. per ounce, a fall of nearly 10s. compared with the days when South African mining developments were at their height. But what is holding back genuine investment in South African mining shares, i.e., the established dividend-payers, is the fear of what will happen to the price of gold when France is eventually forced to devalue the franc. In this fear, few have dared to fall back upon the dollar gold basis, but it is logical that gold would, in such an event, be tied loosely to the dollar and the demand for the metal would be more likely to increase than diminish on hoarding account. Further, the dollar is under-valued against sterling, so that the tendency for the price of gold in sterling should be upward. In any case, it has to be remembered that U.S.A. has already taken most of her profit on gold and cannot let the metal go below the parity price. Those who wish for an investment yielding a reasonable income and also with a reasonable chance of big capital appreciation (with a smaller one of temporarily having to watch some decline in capital value), cannot, therefore, do better to turn to sound gold-mining shares.

## Harrisons and Crosfield

Harrisons and Crosfield, Ltd., the Eastern produce merchants, agents and investment company, made a net profit last year of £271,642, an advance of £3,358 compared with the previous year's figure. The dividend on the deferred stock is again made up to 20 per cent. for the year, on a rather larger amount of capital than in the previous year. The deferred capital carries the unusual privilege of taking one-half of any excess dividends over 10 per cent. in the form of deferred shares at par, and this option means a substantial bonus, as the existing deferred stock units stand at 6½ per £1 unit. The company's investment position is sound with an excess of market value over book value of about the same amount as a year ago, the special reserve of £850,000 therefore remaining free. Further, the cash holding has increased to over £400,000, and in spite of difficult conditions in international commerce, the business has been maintained.

## Leethems (Twilfit) Profits

Leethems (Twilfit), Ltd., corset and underwear manufacturers, made trading profits of £51,200 for the year to June 30 last, and the net profit after tax and all other provisions was £37,864 compared with £37,460 in the previous year. The dividend is again 9 per cent. for the year, though nearly 14 per cent. was earned, the directors wisely reserving £5,500 for contingencies and writing off the balance of an associated company's expenditure on abandoned development. The £1 ordinary shares do not look over-valued at 30s. in view of the company's sound record.

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## THEATRE NOTES

### "Careless Rapture" Drury Lane Theatre

THIS musical play, devised, written and composed by Ivor Novello, fulfils the best Drury Lane traditions. We have spectacle upon spectacle with music and graceful ballet that must please the eye and ear sufficiently to make the show worth a visit. The design and colouring of the production are excellent and with such artists as Dorothy Dickson, Ivan Samson, Zena Dare and Olive Gilbert—to say nothing of Ivor Novello himself—in the leading roles, the lovers of this theatre's tradition cannot be disappointed.

### "Mademoiselle" Wyndham's Theatre

AUDREY and Waveney Carten have translated Jacques Duval's play as well as can be and Noel Coward is to be congratulated on his production and presentation at Wyndham's. The subject of the play is perhaps a little difficult for the ordinary theatre-goer, but it does at least lend itself as a vehicle for Miss Madge Titheradge, who, as the Governess, gives a magnificent performance. Nigel Patrick and Victor Bogetti, as

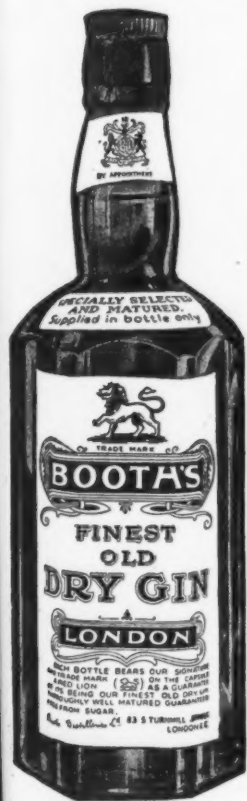
the son of the house and the butler, respectively, were more than efficient and the smaller parts in the play were most capably handled.

### "This'll Make You Whistle" Palace Theatre

MR. JACK BUCHANAN will, I am sure, not take it amiss if I say that his new show at the Palace Theatre should be seen after a really good dinner. In order to obtain the fullest enjoyment from this purely inconsequent piece of nonsense one should be in the frame of mind when "This'll" really does rhyme with "whistle." After that all will be well.

Mr. Jack Buchanan has, to my mind, been our leading light comedian ever since the days of "A to Z" and even earlier. He has a personality which pleases, an easy if not nonchalant manner and a very pretty style of dancing. Miss Elsie Randolph is an excellent foil with a personality of her own, and Mr. David Hutcheson is a comedian in a class by himself. I could not attempt to describe the plot, in fact I lost myself in it long before the evening was over. I was satisfied to see Mr. Buchanan again after a long lapse.

C.S.



*Its unequalled  
flavour & purity  
are traditional*



**CINEMA****"Anthony Adverse"**

BY MARK FORREST

**A** GREAT many people managed not only to read all the twelve hundred odd pages of *Anthony Adverse*, but to enjoy them. I, personally, found his adventures very tedious, and for that reason was not particularly eager to see them translated to the screen. For those who liked the book, however, it is proper to set down that the picture, which is at the Tivoli, has drawn the most hearty praise from the author of the book, Mr. Hervey Allen, who says that it is quite impossible for him to express adequately his delight and relief at finding that his novel has been given such an excellent screen version.

**Ineffective**

As a matter of fact, the film comes to an end at the point where Anthony Adverse is leaving for America to collect the money due to the bankers who have staked their all upon Napoleon. It has then been running for two hours and twenty minutes and, so far as the plot is concerned, might go on running for another two hours and twenty minutes without coming to an effective end. That,

I think, is what is really the matter with this production which embraces Italy, France, the Tyrol, Cuba and Africa, and covers the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

Enormous care has been taken to ensure that the scenes should be accurate in all their details and there are two or three sequences, such as the one in which Tony Guiseppi wins the lottery, which move at a good pace, but more vivacity and less authenticity would make all the difference to this spectacle that contains nearly a thousand speaking parts and over twelve hundred others.

**Lost His Lightness**

Anthony Adverse, at the age of ten, is played very sympathetically by Billy Mauch, but later on the burden of this long rôle is undertaken by Fredric March who seems temporarily to have mislaid his lightness of touch from which the earlier scenes would have benefited. In fact, the whole cast play rather ponderously, though Edmund Gwenn manages to impart a certain amount of geniality to John Bonnyfeather, Anthony's benefactor. Olivia de Havilland looks charming as Angela and Gala Sondegaard makes Faith nicely malicious. The other performances are undistinguished and there is a curious piece of miscasting, combined with indifferent make-up, for Rollo Lloyd's Napoleon must be seen to be believed.

**READ****The African Observer**

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*Continued from page ii of Cover*

You can see the OGPU agents at work only by inference from facts and episodes which have come to light from time to time.

Six years ago there lived in Hull a Russian political émigré named Alexander Semushin. He had been in Hull for ten years and carried on a business as a photographer in partnership with an Englishman.

He was an Archangel man, and often used to visit Soviet vessels in the docks. Many of the crews of these vessels came from Archangel. Some of them Semushin knew from the days before the revolution.

He used to get news from them of his family which was still in Archangel.

On August 15, 1930, he walked out from his lodgings in Hull to go to his business. From that moment he was never seen again. There was a police search and rivers and docks were dragged, but without avail.

A long report on Semushin and on the circumstances of his disappearance was prepared and submitted to the Home Secretary. It was drawn up by Mr. A. V. Biakaloff, one of the leaders of the Russian refugee colony in London. It completely discounted any theory of suicide by Semushin and stated many facts about the man to show that this can be ruled out of the question.

It then brought forward evidence for the view that Semushin was kidnapped on board one of these Soviet vessels in Hull docks while on one of his usual visits, and carried off to Russia to face imprisonment or execution for "suspected" anti-Bolshevist connections.

An investigation was demanded into this view of Semushin's disappearance, but, of course, the Home Secretary could do nothing.

### The Secret

And here is another case:

Two years ago Ozersky, the recently "recalled" trade delegate, had a very brilliant young assistant here in London who was well known in City trading circles.

Suddenly he disappeared. He did not leave by any of the usual routes by train or air, and his business colleagues were not told that he had been "recalled." But news came a few weeks ago that he had been shot, in Moscow, nearly eighteen months ago. How did he get to Russia? That remains an OGPU secret.

Last year Professor Peter Kapitza, a young Russian who is among the first four greatest physicists in the world, was at work in Cambridge. He had come here ten years ago as a penniless student without even sufficient money to take a degree.

But Professor Lord Rutherford, the great British scientist, recognised his genius and took him under his wing. Last year a special laboratory was built at Cambridge for this young man to operate in. It was opened by Mr. Stanley Baldwin. It housed a giant generator which Kapitza had designed, a machine capable of exerting a more terrific magnetic force than any other in the world. It was for use in the final stages of Kapitza's research work on the structure of the atom. The British Government paid for that machine. Altogether, the laboratory and apparatus cost us nearly £30,000.

One day, when he was about to start on the final stage of research for which the machine had been designed, he received a caller at his Cambridge home. The caller came from the Soviet Embassy.

He brought an invitation to Kapitza to give a lecture.

He went, leaving his wife and children here. When the conference was over and he was preparing to come back to work at Cambridge, he was informed through the OGPU that he must never leave Russia again.

All protests were useless. For some time Kapitza was ill and unable to do any work at all. The whole learned world outside of Russia rose in protest at this ruthless interruption of the work of a great brain.

The Royal Society, headed by Lord Rutherford, and Cambridge University pleaded with the Soviet Government to at least allow Kapitza to complete the work with the apparatus bought for him.

"Let him do it here," was the reply. When it was pointed out that the machine used was unique in the world, and that it would be almost impossible to build another in Russia, the Soviet made a typical rejoinder.

"If you are so concerned," they said in effect, "sell us the machine."

And for this young scientist's sake, and for all science, that was done. Another insight into OGPU methods is provided by the following instance. We have the name of the man concerned, but suppress it for obvious reasons.

Four years ago he was the head of a Soviet trading department in London. He decided to sever all relations with the Soviet State.

This man's wife, who is also a Russian and who had a secretarial post in one of the offices, was to stay on for a month. A week after her husband's departure she was leaving the office about six p.m. when her chief stopped her.

He told her that there was a "little party" that night on board one of the Soviet vessels in London river. It was for "only a few" of the selected Soviet employees in London and their children. But when she got back to her North London flat to prepare herself and the children for the party she found a woman friend awaiting her. They stayed talking for hours, until suddenly she noticed the clock. She had forgotten the party on the ship and now it was too late.

The next morning in the office she said to another woman secretary: "Well, how did the party go last night?"

The woman stared in amazement, "What party?" she said.

### Never Returned

That was enough. Instantly she guessed what that invitation had meant. A few quiet and quick enquiries confirmed her suspicions and fear. The Soviet vessel had sailed on the night tide at 10 p.m.—two hours after the "party" was supposed to begin.

The idea, of course, was to get her and the children back to Russia. Once held there the OGPU screw could be put upon the husband who had left the cause.

The OGPU has a very long arm, that reaches far beyond Lubyanka Street, far past those grim frontier stations beyond which for so many there is no return to the outer world—to the heart of every capital and country where there are citizens of Soviet Russia.

There is one method whereby the power of the OGPU can be curbed—in this country anyway.

The weapon held over the heads of all Soviet employees in this country is what is called the "conditional agreement." They are "permitted" to remain here only while employed by a Soviet organisation.

Now see how the Soviet exploits that aliens law with its employees. Here is a statement issued by the Soviet Vice-Consul in London: "It is the right of the Consul of the Soviet Republic to order officials . . . to proceed home when his government considers their presence here is no longer needed . . ."

### Sinister Threat

*"Those who refuse to comply with the Consul's orders know perfectly well that in accordance with the decree of November 21, 1929, they will be subject to the severe penalty prescribed therein. . . The penalties prescribed are well known, and those concerned well know the penalties involved by disobedience."*

We have put that last paragraph in italics because we cannot remember ever having seen an official statement which conveyed a sinister threat in a more cold-blooded and truculent manner.

But in what consists the Soviet's "right" to order home some wretched official? It rests on the British alien law, and he cannot carry out his order without the assistance of the authorities.

There is no obligation in law for the Home Secretary to "deport" Soviet employees at the Consul's request.

Every Russian employee of the Soviet in this country who may be "ordered" home should know that the Consul's powers over him are not worth the paper they are written on.

If he has any doubts about the meaning behind his "recall to Moscow," he can appeal to the Home Secretary for that sanctuary which Britain has always accorded to the fugitive and oppressed, of whatever nation. And, if he is a recent citizen, and not a criminal, he will get it.

*Reprinted from the "Daily Mail."*

# THE SHAME OF TOLEDO

**C**RAZED with the creed of Bolshevism, without pity, without mercy for women and children, the Reds in Spain have blown to destruction the famous Alcazar at Toledo. This noble building, nobly defended, succumbs at last.

With the garrison, a remnant of which is still gallantly holding out, there were 400 women and children. Their presence, at least, might have stayed the Red hand. Instead, these outer barbarians gloated over the approaching doom. They counted the hours till Madrid should signal massacre.

Readers of *The Daily Mail* will be sickened, but they cannot be surprised, by this Red war on women. **From the first we have told the world the truth about the wolves which tear at the throat of Spain.**

Only yesterday we printed more attested records of the deeds with which the Moscow-incited rabble have blackened the name of Spain. Their acts are monstrous, demented, the very ecstasy of cruelty.

The shambles of the Alcazar will not be in vain. The memory of the women and children and cadets who heroically perished will steel the Patriots in their cleansing task and goad them to sterner endeavours.

Nor will the dreadful message of Toledo be lost if **the world at last digests the peril of the Red-manipulated "Popular Front," and the nature of the doctrine that Moscow disseminates.**

The feeble moderates who aspired to govern Spain were instantly swept aside when the hour struck for these dastards and assassins trained by Russia. Inevitably the history of such Governments repeats itself. They begin with a slobber of good intentions and end with the overthrow of religion, and the reign of murder, rape, and chaos.

